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1854.

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Mrs. Mathews.

CHESTNUT BLOSSOMS

1864

PHILADELPHIA

CHRISTMAS BLOSSOMS,

AND

NEW-YEAR'S WREATH,

FOR

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PUBLISHED BY E. H. BUTLER & CO.
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CHRISTMAS BLOSSOMS.

MY MOTHER.

BY MRS. ABDY.

MOTHER, again I see you stand
Amid your prattling infant band;
Again, in haste, aside you lay
The book you wished to read to-day:
Your time is given to us alone,
Scarcely a moment seems your own;
Where shall we ever find another
To care for us like you, my Mother?

You wisely train each well-loved child,
Gently you chide the rash and wild,

You tenderly support the meek,
And give protection to the weak;
I know that we are deemed to be
A fond, united family;
Your influence binds us to each other:
We owe our peace to you, my Mother.

Dear Mother, at a future day,
May we your ceaseless love repay;
Each hour may we recall in thought
The virtuous lessons you have taught,
And if enticed to go astray,
Oh! may we to our tempters say—
"The way we tread shall be no other
Than that first shown us by our Mother."

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

BY MARY HOWITT.

WE all looked at the picture, and agreed that it was a very pretty one; and from looking at it we began to talk about Christmas and Christmas trees in general; and the children would not be satisfied, unless I told them about good Mrs. Kinderliebe and her two remarkable Christmases.

"You have all heard about fairy-godmothers," said I, "and you know that they are always very small, and very neat and prim, with little feet and hands, and little neat old-fashioned faces, with gray hair, and lace-bordered caps. Well, just such a nice little, neat old lady was Frau Kinderliebe, or Mrs. Kinderliebe, as we will call her. She lived in the prettiest house in the whole town, and yet she had not all the house to herself, for she had only one floor, and a very

learned old Professor lived up stairs above her. He was just as unlike her as he could be. He was big, and brown, with a large old dry face, hands, and feet; he did not look very clean either, and there was such a smell of tobacco-smoke about him, that it always made the dear old fairy-godmother cough whenever she talked to him. He was a very good man, however, for all that—and so learned!

The fairy-godmother was a widow; she had been a widow I can't tell you how many years, and the death of her husband had been a very great trouble to her. She managed, however, to be very cheerful and happy, she had been so for many, many years; and the way she contrived to be so was by always doing good and kind actions. She never seemed to think about herself, except she could make somebody happy, or be of use to them. In summer, you saw her going out with a basket in her hand full of cakes, or fruit, or flowers, and they always were for some poor or sick person, to whom they would bring a pleasure. In the winter, you would see her going through the snow and frost all the same, in a little pair of clogs, and a fur cloak, and little velvet bonnet; and sometimes, Barbele, her

old servant, was trudging beside her with a lantern, if it was at night, and a large bundle of warm clothing, or something of that sort, which she was carrying to some poor half-starved creature. And it was wonderful how much sewing and knitting her dear little fingers did, and her fingers were hardly any larger than yours; but then she had such a large heart, it was large enough for an emperor!

The fairy-godmother loved everything that lived; but most of all did she love little children. She was an old woman, you must remember, but that did not matter; she was as merry as a child herself; she knew all sorts of riddles and nursery songs, and such wonderful stories! and, what was better than all, she never was tired of telling them. Besides this, she knew how to make all kinds of gingerbread and sugar cakes, and candies, and preserves; and she had almonds, and raisins, and apples, and all sorts of nice things standing in her closet; and she used to say to old Barbele, "Do find some child or other, Barbele, to eat some of our good things, for it is a shame we should eat them all ourselves;" and old Barbele, who had lived so long with her mistress that she was

very like her in many things, used to go and fetch in the poor milkwoman's little children, who lived at the next door, or the little chimney-sweeper, and then what a feast they had.

The fairy-godmother often used to say how glad she was that as long as the world stood there always would be plenty of children; and whenever she saw them at play, she smiled so pleasantly, and when she saw any in trouble she used to go and wipe away their tears and comfort them; and if she saw them quarrelling, she went among them and talked to them so lovingly, that you would always be sure to see them kissing and embracing and all good friends again. I cannot tell you how she loved little children, and how they all loved her; but then you must remember she was just like a fairy-godmother.

"If it were not for the Professor," Mrs. Kinderliebe used to say to Barbele, "I should like us to have some poor orphan child to live with us; I think we could make her happy and good. Yes, if it were not for the Professor, one would have one; but he cannot bear a noise, Barbele, so we must give it up;" and with that the fairy-godmother sighed, and so did old Bar-

bele, who thought of all things, she should like to have a pair of little shoes to clean every morning, and to lay a little knife and fork beside the old lady's for dinner. They both thought a great deal about it; but the old Professor, who was so learned and who could not bear a noise, always stood like a bugbear in the way.

One night, it was just at the beginning of December, the Professor was heard shutting his room door overhead and then coming down stairs, very slowly and very quietly, as he always did; and then he knocked at the fairy-godmother's door, and when she told him to come in, he walked in, with his hat in his hand, as he always did when he came to call upon her, for he was very polite. He looked very sad, and scarcely smiled when he spoke to her; and anybody could see that he had a great trouble on his mind—and so he had! Before long, he pulled a letter out of his pocket, which was sealed with black, and he began to tell her that this letter had brought him the news of the death of a friend, a very learned man, too, who lived in Tübingen, a young man whom the Professor had taught himself; and he and his wife

were both dead of a fever, and had left two little daughters. Anybody who had known the Professor before that night would never have expected to see him crying, because he looked so hard and dry; but he shed many tears that evening in the fairy-godmother's room, and he talked so much about the poor little orphans who had no friends, and who now were very poor, that the fairy-godmother cried too.

"I wish some good person would take those poor children," said he, "and bring them up creditably for their good father's sake;" and with that he took up his hat from the table, and hardly saying good night, he went up stairs again.

The fairy-godmother and Barbele plotted together. It was a very nice plot that they laid; and the next news the old Professor heard was, that Mrs. Kinderliebe was gone a long journey, and would not be back till a day or two before Christmas. And now I wish you could have seen old Barbele at work, for several days before her mistress's return; she was so busy gilding walnuts and apples, and making all kinds of cakes and sweetmeats; and such a huge Christmas tree was brought into the house as never was seen

before; and there were stags and shepherds all in a garden below it, and hundreds of little candles were fastened to its twigs, and all the cakes and the beautiful things that Barbele had made were hung among them like fairy fruit.

On the morning before Christmas-day, old Barbele went up stairs with her mistress's compliments to the Professor, and "she hoped he would come down in the evening and see her Christmas tree and what the Christ-child would send her." The Professor, who was very polite, sent his compliments back, and he would have that honor.

Mrs. Kinderliebe had come back the night before, and she had such a great quantity of luggage with her! The Professor's old servant told him so, but he forgot all about it the next minute.

About six o'clock, he went down stairs, dressed all in his best, with his silver buckles on, and a new wig, and gloves, and black silk stockings, just as if he had been going to visit the Grand Duke. He gave a little company-knock at the fairy-godmother's door, but, before she could answer, old Barbele sprang out of the kitchen and opened it for him; and there was

the old lady, all dressed in her best, in her little tiny high-heeled shoes, and gray satin, and white lawn apron, and lace handkerchief and cap, looking so beautiful, that the Professor could not help bending his stiff, straight back, and kissing her dear little hand.

The Christmas tree stood in the best parlor, and the next moment the best parlor door opened, and there was the beautiful Christmas tree all blazing, and just under it stood a beautiful little girl, about six years old, with long shining hair falling over her shoulders, and rosy cheeks, and large blue eyes, in a black crape frock, and with a black ribbon round her beautiful golden hair.

"The Christ-child has been here," said the fairy-godmother turning to the old Professor, "and has brought a present for you," and with that, she took the beautiful child by her hand and led her to him; "it is the little daughter of your late friend, the young Professor of Tübingen. She is now my child. She shall live under the same roof with us. We will both of us be kind to her!"

Again the old Professor kissed the dear old lady's

hand, but he did not say anything; he only sat down on a chair, and took out his large white pocket-handkerchief, with which he wiped his face many times.

The little child's name was Seraphine, and before long she was sitting on the old Professor's knee and leaning against his breast, for she liked the smell of tobacco because her dear father used to smoke, as many learned men in Germany do. That was the happiest Christmas Eve that the dear fairy-godmother, or the Professor, ever spent.

They talked much about little Seraphine and her dead parents; but this was after she was gone to bed, and about her little sister, who was younger than she, and who was gone to live with a great-uncle, a farmer, in Bavaria. The great-uncle was a coarse, stern man, who talked loud, and thought it a great vexation for people to die and leave orphan children behind them. Mrs. Kinderliebe could not help crying when she thought what a comfortless home this poor, dear child very likely would have.

Seraphine loved the fairy-godmother very much, and she loved the old Professor too. She used to go up every day and say a lesson to him; he had great

pleasure in teaching her; he used to let her look in his big books that were full of pictures. Down stairs she learned music from the fairy-godmother, and all sorts of beautiful needlework; she had a work-box, and a silver thimble, and she worked a sampler with blue silk; and all the time she sat at work the fairy-godmother told her stories and beautiful verses, and gave her riddles to guess. In the kitchen, she helped Barbele to make nice cakes and sugar bread, of which she always took some to the Professor.

Poor little Seraphine! She ought to have been very happy, but she was not; everybody was happy but herself. The old Professor seemed to get quite young again; you could even hear him laughing down stairs; the fairy-godmother, whose face had always been so bright, looked now brighter and lovelier than ever, and as to old Barbele, she sang all the time she cleaned the little shoes and made the little bed, which now stood in the dressing-room within the fairy-godmother's chamber.

Seraphine knew that they all loved her, and that she must try to be happy; but somehow, whenever she peeped through the palings into the milk-woman's

garden and saw the milk-woman's two little daughters playing together, it made her sad, for she thought of her own little sister Angela, and she could not help crying. She would sometimes cry as she sat at work, and once or twice she could not help sobbing on the fairy-godmother's knee, and thus wetting with her tears the old lady's lace handkerchief.

Nobody asked her why she cried so; but neither did anybody scold her for it. She fancied that nobody noticed it; but they did though, and the old lady, who was, you must remember, like a fairy-godmother, she knew *why* she cried, and *why* she was unhappy, just as well as if she had been told.

The old Professor and the fairy-godmother used often to have a deal of talk together, and whenever they saw Seraphine looking sad they only nodded at one another.

It was now twelve months since Seraphine's father and mother died, and she had been nearly that time with the fairy-godmother; but for all that she could not help crying when she thought of Angela, and it seemed to her as if she thought more and more of her every day. The fairy-godmother and the old Professor

seemed to be always talking together; and one day, a very short time before Christmas, Seraphine was told that she would do no more lessons up stairs at present, for that the Professor had set out on a journey, and would not be back till the day before Christmas.

Barbele and the Professor's old servant had now such a deal of work to do; but as it was always up stairs in the Professor's kitchen, Seraphine was never invited there; she sat down stairs with the fairy godmother, hemming a blue silk handkerchief, which was to be given to the Professor at Christmas.

The fairy-godmother told Seraphine that the Professor had sent his compliments down stairs, and invited *them* to go up that evening; for this was the morning before Christmas day, and to see *his* Christmas-tree and the presents which the Christ-child would bring. Seraphine and her fairy-godmother sent up their presents to the Professor by Barbele to his servant, for her to give the Christ-child.

The evening came! Seraphine was dressed in a white frock, with blue shoes on, and a broad blue sash; and her beautiful hair, which the fairy godmother combed and brushed herself, fell over her

shoulders, just like an angel's in a picture. When she was dressed, her fairy-godmother looked into her face with such a deal of love in her eyes, and kissed her. Seraphine could not help crying; she clung to the dear old lady and sobbed so; for her heart was very full, and she had been trying not to cry all day, and now she had once begun, she felt as if she never could leave off. She was thinking so much about Angela and wondering what sort of a Christmas she would keep with the stern great-uncle in Bavaria.

The fairy-godmother told her she must not cry, and she gave her rose-water to wash her face in, and told her to be quick, for the Professor himself had come down stairs to conduct them up, because he was so impatient at them being so long.

Up stairs they went;—the fairy-godmother in her gray satin, and little high-heeled shoes, and her lace cap and handkerchief, leaning on the Professor's arm, and the little Seraphine following, and Barbele following her with a lamp in her hand, for she too was going up stairs; and the Professor's servant was standing at the top with another lamp in her hand, so that they had plenty of light.

The door at the top of the stairs opened at once into the Professor's best parlor. The door swung open; the Christmas-tree blazed out like a tree of beautiful fire; and just below it stood Seraphine's little sister Angela. The Professor had been into Bavaria and fetched her; she was his present to Seraphine: they were not going to be parted again.

Seraphine and Angela sprang into each other's arms: they laughed and cried together.

That was the happiest Christmas that the Professor and the fairy-godmother ever spent. And no wonder!

MY FATHER.

BY MRS. ABDY.

DEAR Father, while daily and hourly I see
New proofs of your tender affection for me,
It may please you to know how your kindness has won
The return that it calls for—the love of a son.

Some fathers are distant, and stern, and severe;
They speak to command, and they govern by fear;
Obedience, indeed, by such means may be won,
But they fail in securing the love of a son.

Your praise, my dear Father, is easy to earn;
When you teach me, I feel it a pleasure to learn;
And when tasks are concluded, and duties are done,
You share in the pastimes and sports of your son.

I am often unthinking and idle, 'tis true,
But I freely confess all my follies to you;
You tell me what ways to pursue and to shun,
And you leniently look on the faults of your son.

Relax not your cares, dearest Father, I pray;
I shall need your kind counsels through life's busy way;
Continue the system so wisely begun,
And still be the friend and guide of your son.

THE PET SPARROW.

BY THE EDITOR.

I ONCE knew a little boy who had a curious kind of a pet—a pet sparrow.

Now, you all know, my dear children, that sparrows are bold, daring, saucy birds, and not very likely to make any one fond of them. The prettily marked goldfinch, with its sprightly "twit-twit," pleases us and makes us attached to it. The slender, bright-yellow canary delights us with its shrill notes and its form. The lark and the linnet charm us with their songs, and so do the blackbird and thrush; but the saucy, impudent, and daring sparrow, who flies about in the dusty roads and streets, and seems to despise the green hedges and pleasant fields—who would ever think of making a pet of him?

But this little boy had a sparrow to which he was

attached, and the sparrow knew him and seemed fond of him, and perched on his shoulder, and ate out of his hand. And sometimes this little boy, when the sparrow was too bold, would pretend to beat him, and would lay him quietly on his back, and the little culprit appeared very sorry for his offence, and when restored to his legs by his young master, would chirp out aloud, and seem quite pleased.

Now, I dare say you will not be able to guess what this little bird chose for its bed. I must tell you that it did not live in a cage, but it flew about the house, and was as much at home as any one there; but, like all other sensible creatures, you must know it wanted a bed.

You will, perhaps, say, "Oh, I suppose it perched on the window ledge, or perhaps it perched on the little boy's bedstead, or on the chair by his bedside." But no; this little fellow was an odd fellow: nothing would do for him to go to bed in but an old shoe. The first night that he had been admitted into the house he retreated, as soon as it was dark, into the old shoe, and the next night, when roosting-time came, he hopped about and seemed quite fidgety for

some place to rest in, till at last his young master thought of the shoe, which he brought into the room, and in popped Master Sparrow, and his young master allowed him to live there, rent free. He paid no taxes, and, living entirely on his master's charity, he paid no poor-rates, but lived like a happy, independent bird.

But I must say of this little bird, that he was rather an upstart sort of a fellow, for he would not let any other sparrow come near the house without flying out of the door or window, and making a loud boisterous noise, "chirr! chirr! chirr!" and seeming to scream with passion, as much as to say, "What business have you here, you poor dependent birds! you common sparrows!" and they, being startled by his impudence, flew away.

You may take a lesson, my children, from this act of the sparrow. It is like the conduct of some persons in this world, who will carry all before them, against right and reason, by clamor and uproar.

But I don't wish to give you an unkind opinion of our particular friend, the sparrow. I suppose we must think all he did was right, because we cannot

exactly say that it was wrong; and it is a much pleasanter feeling to believe all persons innocent till we know them to be guilty.

I wish you particularly to think of this, my little friends, in your daily intercourse with your brothers and sisters, and playfellows. Whenever any one speaks evil of another, be sure to ask whether the person is *quite* certain of the truth of what he says.

But let us return to Master Sparrow. I suppose some of you have before this wished to know how this little boy got the sparrow, and this I think will please you, so I will tell you.

Johnny (for that was his name), lived in a house with a garden behind it, and his bed-room window was facing the garden. Johnny would often in the fine summer mornings get up and dress himself long before any of the rest of the family were up, and would amuse himself by looking out of the window, or by looking over his lessons for the forthcoming day. His parents had told him not to leave his room till some one else in the house was up, and he was a very obedient child, and very happy, because he was so, for he very seldom got into trouble.

But he had a very great temptation one morning: it was in the early part of the year, and while he was looking out of the window he saw a young sparrow, which had just left its nest, fluttering about the garden. It tried to get to the top of a wall, but fell to the ground, and poor Johnny stood trembling for its safety, for he saw a large black cat watching the sparrow, and presently he saw it rush towards the little bird to seize it, but having to pass over a grass plot to catch it, the grass was very long and very much entangled, and somehow the cat was caught in the grass, and turned heels over head.

This was a very fortunate thing indeed for the little sparrow. Another thing also was very fortunate; Johnny's father had been transplanting a dahlia the day before, and to keep the sun from it had turned over it a large flower-pot. Now Johnny's father might have placed a hundred other flower-pots over the dahlia, but none would have done so well as this flower-pot, for it was a large flower-pot, and it had a small piece broken out just big enough to admit the sparrow, and into which he popped, and was saved.

Oh, how glad was little Johnny to see the bird

creep into the hole and escape! But there sat the cat watching, and there stood Johnny breathless with fear lest the sparrow should come out. The cat went round and round the flower-pot, and then got on the top of it, then sat and looked at the hole, and put its nose to the hole to smell if the bird were there. Then it put its paw to the hole, and tried to pull the pot aside; then it went round and round again. At last Johnny could restrain his fears no longer, and he ventured to tap at his father's door, and to ask if he might go into the garden, to which his father consented.

Oh, how quickly did he then hasten down stairs, taking his father's walking-stick to drive away the cat. Pussy was so earnestly bent on having her prey, that Johnny had got up to her and given her a severe blow before she saw him.

Johnny now felt that the sparrow was his, but he knew not how to secure it; so he waited till his father was up, and then having thrown a large cloth round the flower-pot, he put his hand under, and gently took hold of the trembling bird.

Such, my little friends, was the commencement of

that friendship which existed between Master Sparrow and his young master. Perhaps if the sparrow had been cheated, and caught in a brick trap, he would not have felt that attachment and confidence that he showed for Master Johnny. He seemed to feel, that a connexion that had begun with such kindly feelings must be sincere.

One other thing must be told of the sparrow, which is as singular as anything else in his singular life. Soon after the sparrow became Johnny's companion, a little kitten was also admitted into the same family. It was quite little, and could scarcely walk, and Johnny would often have the kitten and the sparrow together in the same room. The kitten was too young to take much notice of the sparrow, and the sparrow seemed not to fear the kitten much, and they lived together quite happily. They were both very well fed, and they did not want anything; and the sparrow would sometimes hop on the back of the kitten, and the kitten gently put out its paw and patted the sparrow, but without hurting it at all. Once the sparrow did get a bit of a pat too hard, which made him start, and he seemed very shy for a day or two after. I will

tell you what it was. He was making himself quite familiar, and had hopped on the back of the kitten, as usual, when suddenly he seized hold of some of the kitten's hair in his beak, and pulled away furiously at it. I cannot say what was his reason for this, but I will say it was play, for he seemed a very good-natured bird. But the kitten was a good-natured kitten too, and took no notice of the affair the next time the sparrow came near, which he did in a day or two.

Well, things went on very comfortably with the boy, the bird, and the kitten; they were real friends, and they lived together for two years or more, and the little boy was becoming a big boy, and the simple young sparrow was becoming a respectable and experienced bird, and the kitten had become a cat, when an affair took place which may teach many of you, my dear little children, a lesson of true friendship, and a lesson which you must prize the more as it comes from two dumb animals; yes, and from two dumb animals not distinguished amongst the creatures of our heavenly Father for that wonderful instinct which the horse, the elephant, the dog, and some other animals have. One day the street door of the house in which these

three friends lived was standing open, and all was quiet and still, and the master of the bird and cat was sitting in the parlor, and the cat was sitting there too—and of course the sparrow was one of the party—when suddenly in rushed a large dog through the passage, and, running round the room, terrified every one in it. It was done so quickly that the dog was scarcely seen before he was out of the house again.

Well, now, what do you think the cat did when she saw the dog come in? Cats, you know, always stick up their backs and swell out their tails, and make a savage noise whenever they see a dog coming towards them, and prepare to give him a good scratch on the face. But this cat did not do so. What did she do then? you will say. Why, she instantly rushed at the bird, seized him in her mouth, and carried him off, no one knew where.

Ah, me! little Johnny was now full of grief. His playfellows were both gone at once and for ever!

Full half an hour passed, and nothing could be seen of them. "Tim—Tim—Tim!" (for that was the cat's name) was called all over the house, and out of the house, but no Tim came near; and Johnny's eyes were

already full of tears, ready for a violent outbreak, when, to his great joy, in came Master Tim, cautiously looking all about for the dog, and laid Master Sparrow at Johnny's feet.

Johnny thought the bird was dead, and put out his hand to take him up, when Master Sparrow, as if to bring matters to a close, gave him a sharp peck with his beak, and made him smart.

Johnny was too glad to feel his little friend alive to take any offence at this salute, and on trying again, Master Sparrow settled on his hand, and was caressed with much affection.

Master Tim, seeing his master bestow so much love on the sparrow, seemed to feel jealous, and purred round his legs, and rubbed himself against him, as much as to say, "Have you no love for me, who have saved his life!"

Master Johnny, however, when his surprise had passed away at this extraordinary adventure, took up Master Tim and caressed him as he deserved. It was a pleasing picture to behold. There was Master Johnny first and foremost, who seemed puzzled how to divide his attachment between his quadruped and

biped friend; then there was Master Tim on his knee, with an erect and undulating tail, singing, in his way, a subdued and soft song of love: and on Master Johnny's shoulder (I wonder the impudent fellow did not get on the top of his head) sat Master Sparrow, perking and twitching his tail, and turning his head first to one side then to the other, as if the approbation of all beholders was upon him. But we must forgive his weakness—he was a rare fellow, and if there can be any excuse for conceit, it is the possession of extraordinary merit.

And now, my little readers, it occurs to me that you may think this all untrue—that it is what is called a fable—but I am very desirous of giving you truth instead of fiction, and I must tell you that the facts are facts, and if there be any fiction, it is only in the kindly feelings I have attributed to all the party; and who shall say I am wrong? The boy could, if he had liked, have ill used the cat; the cat, if she had liked, could have killed the bird; they were all unrestrained in this power; but they did not use it,—and why? I leave you all to answer the question by the dictates of your own hearts.

MY GRANDMOTHER.

BY MRS. ABDY.

OH! let me, dear Grandmother, stand by your knee:
How calm and how happy you look,—
One hand on your crutch is reclining, I see,
And the other is laid on a book;
That book is the Bible—you trust in its truth,
You fervently dwell on its page;
It always, I know, was the guide of your youth,
And now 'tis the staff of your age.

To train my dear mother you early began
In the path that she afterwards trod;
She learned from the Bible her duty to man,
And also her duty to God;

It ever seems ready her spirit to soothe,
Ever able her thoughts to engage;
I trust that I also may love it in youth,
And continue to love it in age.

You are always, dear Grandmother, pleased and content,
And never severe or unkind;
You are thankful to God for the good he has sent,
And in grief you are meek and resigned:
Your peace is obtained from that volume of truth—
May it ever your trials assuage!
And, oh! may the hopes that it gave you in youth,
Grow brighter and brighter in age!

THE CLEVER BOY.

ONE OF RANDY THE WOODCUTTER'S FABLES.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

"WELL, but grandmamma!" expostulated Edwin, "everybody says I am very clever;—now do not laugh, everybody says so, and what everybody says must be true."

"First," replied his grandmother, "I do not think that what everybody says must of necessity be true; and, secondly, in what consists your 'everybody?'"

"Why, there is nurse."

"Capital authority! an old woman who nursed your mother, and, consequently, loves *you* dearly; go on."

"And the doctor;—he said I was so clever, the other morning, when I swallowed the pill without one crooked face."

"Go on."

"All the servants."

"Excellent servants, Edwin, for the situations they are engaged to fill, but bad judges of a young gentleman's cleverness. The Rector—"

"That is cruel of you, grandmamma," replied our conceited little friend; "you know he would not say it, because I did not get through the Commandment in the class last Wednesday evening."

"Does your papa say you are clever?"

The little fellow made no reply.

"Do your schoolfellows?"

"They are all big boys."

"Then your character for cleverness depends on the old nurse, the still older doctor, and the servants!"

Edwin was again silent.

"This," observed his grandmother, "recalls to my mind one of Randy the Woodcutter's fables."

A very pretty little tree grew near a quickset hedge that was cut close by the gardener, and the hedge looked up to the tiny little tree with great respect: it was so short itself that it fancied the tree was very tall; there were several brambles and net-

tles also around about, and they were perpetually praising the little tree, and increasing its vanity by their flattery. One day an old rook, the oldest in the rookery, perched on the little tree.

"What do you mean," said the tiny tree, "by troubling me with your familiarity! the idea of such a bird as you presuming to rest upon my branches!" and the little tree rustled its leaves and looked very angry.

"Caw! Caw!" quoth the rook, which signified, "Ah, ah! Why, better trees than you are glad to give me a resting-place; I thought you would be gratified by the compliment paid you by alighting on your quivering bough, and by the pleasure of my company; a little thing like you could hardly have possessed much attraction for king rook; but, indeed I only perched upon you because you are a little taller than the brambles."

The dwarf tree considered it as great an insult to be called a "little thing" as some folks do to be considered "not clever;" and he said a number of foolish words; amongst others, that "there were birds that could not fly over him."

"Ay, indeed," answered the rook, "wrens that never mount higher than a hedge!"

The rook soon flew away "caw cawing," at the folly and conceit of the little tree, and meeting the gardener—"Good friend," he said, "I have just now been much struck by the conceit and absurdity of a little tree beside yonder hedge; it is rather a pretty little thing, and might be brought to something, if it were in the society of trees taller and wiser than itself; but while it has no other companions than brambles and bushes it will never try to grow tall: do, good friend, take pity on this tree, and remove it into better company;" and the gardener had a great respect for the opinion of the old rook, and went the next day with a spade, and removed the turf, and bared the roots of the conceited tree. "It is a stunted little thing," he said, "but I will place it in society that will *draw it up*," and he transplanted it into a plantation where there were straight and noble trees. The little sapling felt bitterly its own insignificance, and its leaves hung helplessly from the boughs; there were neither hedges, nor brambles, nor nettles to flatter its vanity—nothing to pamper its self love. There

was nothing it could look down on; the woodbine turned to the oak for support, and the wild vine clung around the ash. *Thus*, when the little tree derived no pleasure from looking *down*, it began to look *up*; there was a proud fierce sound amid the leaves of the noble trees, and the breezes carried the sound far and wide. The gardener had planted the little tree where it had plenty of head-room, and a very beautiful beech, which grew near it, said, "Dear me, how you are shooting!" and several of the good-natured trees remarked one to the other, that "their little neighbor seemed determined to grow." This was quite true: when removed from the babble of low-bred flattery, and placed with those that were better and higher than itself, the little tree began to understand that false praise, that is, praise for what is not deserved, is the bitterest of all censures; and all his hope was, that he might grow like other trees to be useful according to his kind. One stormy night, a sheep and her lamb sheltered beneath his branches; that made the tree, now no longer little, very happy. In a few more years the gardener laid his hand on his stem and said to a gentleman who was walking with

him, "See what cultivation—which is the education of trees—does! this was a little stunted thing; but the good society of tall saplings drew it up. See what it is now!"

And another day, when there was a very high wind, the tree saw an old gray-headed rook drifting about, and he invited him to rest, and the rook did so, and the tree recognised the voice of his old friend. "I am happy to see you, grandfather rook," he said—"very happy to see you—you and yours are quite welcome to rest on or build your nests among my branches; but for you, I should have remained as I was, to be fooled and flattered by brambles now—but I have learned to let acts, and not words, tell what I am;" and the old rook "caw cawed" again and again, and signified that he knew the time would come when that very tree would be remarked alike for its vigor and its beauty. And the old rook told the history of the tree, as old people sometimes tell histories, over and over again.

"I am sure he would be very proud if it taught you, my dear, the folly of believing that you are clever, because people who do not understand what cleverness is, say you are so."

MY BROTHER.

BY MRS. ABDY.

REST, little Brother! rest, I pray,
Awhile within this quiet room;
The sunbeams on the lattice play,
Yon jar is filled with flowers in bloom:
Soon shall we cross the fields again,
And gather wild flowers in the lane;
No danger have you need to fear,
While I am with you, Brother dear!

Seek for protection still in me,
I am not now to manhood grown;
Yet though my years but few may be,
Dear Brother, they exceed your own.
I loved you, when an infant weak,
You could not laugh, nor run, nor speak;

And oft I drew your cradle near,
And watched your slumbers, Brother dear!

The schoolboy's little world, one day
Shall burst upon your startled eyes;
To me 'tis a familiar way;
You from my knowledge shall be wise.
The world of manhood shall succeed,
There I shall still your steps precede;
And ever shall my hand be near
To serve and help you, Brother dear!

THE PET FROGS.

IN another part of this book there is an account of a pet of a very uncommon kind—a Pet Sparrow. My young readers have, there is no doubt, felt an interest in that little gentleman by this time, and will, perhaps, look upon sparrows with more pleasure in future, when they see them in the dusty roads or perched on the house-tops, chirping aloud, and looking about for their daily food. There is something very pleasant in watching the ways of such little creatures, if we have the right sort of feelings in our hearts, and there is scarcely anything that has not something worthy of notice. We sometimes hear persons say, "Oh, that nasty ugly spider!" but if they would look quietly at the spider, they would see a great wonder in a small compass. Its beautifully-marked body, its astonishing skill in spinning its web, and the singular way in which it catches its prey and secures it till it requires

it for food, are all very striking. Everything about the spider is wonderful, and yet they are often called nasty and ugly. Now, my children, if a thousand spiders were put upon you they would do you no harm whatever, but would be as anxious as possible to get away from you to their nooks and corners where they could spin away in comfort. And again, we hear persons say of the frog—"Oh, the ugly creature!" and scream when they see one coming towards them, as if they were about to be devoured by a roaring and famished lion. But frogs are as harmless as spiders, and really very beautiful when looked at, as we ought to look at all things; their skin is prettily marked, and their form, though not very remarkable for grace, has nevertheless, much that is curious in it. The manner in which their hind legs are formed, by which they are able to spring so far as they do, gives us a lesson in the science of mechanics;—and, again, how beautiful is the eye of the frog! When you are walking in the country, my little reader, be you girl or boy, and it should be near a pond, catch a frog and examine it. It will not hurt you, and be sure you do not hurt it! When you have carefully looked at it in your hand, put it

down and watch its movements, and I am sure you will never find fault with the wonderful works of God, and call them nasty and ugly.

But you will say, perhaps, that frogs are not so interesting as birds, and that they can do nothing to make you like them: you may say also, that they can neither sing nor do anything else to please you; but I say, this will depend upon whether you take an interest in them or not. You will say, perhaps, that you could never teach a frog anything, and that it would never know you; but I knew a youth, who was a little boy nine years ago; and about that time, while rambling in the pleasant fields he caught three small frogs and carried them home with him. When he got home his father and mother thought he had made a very strange choice in selecting three such uncommon pets; but they did not forbid him to keep them, for he was a very kind boy, and never hurt anything.

Well, this little boy kept his three little frogs in a fishing-can for some time, and put some grass in with them, and they seemed happy enough; but he could not see them eat anything, and he thought they would be starved, and this he could not think of without pain,

and yet he did not like to take them back again to their native fields, so he thought that he would let them have an opportunity of feeding themselves.

He dug a small pond in his father's garden, not much bigger than a wash-hand basin, which he lined well with clay. At one side of this pond he made a small cave as a sort of apartment, and covered it over with earth. He next got some grass turf and made a grass plot round the pond, and finally, having filled the pond with water, and sprinkled some loose blades of grass on the surface, he put the three young strangers into it, one by one. Before he put them in, however, he gave them names: the largest he called Dick, the next he called Bessy, and the third he called Fanny. Master Dick he put at the edge of the pond, and plump he went to the bottom instantly, and there he lay quiet enough. Next, Miss Bessy was released from the tin can, and plump she went to the bottom also. Next it came to the turn of Miss Fanny, but she was very little, and very much wanting in experience, and she knew not what was good for her, so she started off, and went hopping about the garden like a grasshopper. Away went the little boy after

her, dipping down his hand every second to catch her; but she was too active and quick-sighted for him; away she went, and leaped into the middle of a large tulip bed, where she seemed to think herself safe. The little boy respected his father's tulips, and did not know how to remove Miss Fanny; but he wished very much to put her with her companions, so he got a long stick and gently touched her. Off she started again, with increased vigor from the rest she had taken, and the little boy after her. At length, he thought he was sure of having her, and made a stoop to catch her, but missing his aim, he fell among a number of carnation pots, broke the carnations, and scratched his face sadly with the carnation sticks. Well, this little boy was much vexed at the mischief he had done, and forgot all about Miss Fanny, and she went he knew not where. He fixed the carnation sticks in the pots again, and, having removed the broken stems and put all things in order, he began the chase afresh; but he looked and looked in vain—nowhere could he see Miss Fanny. At last he gave up the pursuit, and returned to his little pond. He was much pleased, however, when he got there to see Master Dick and Miss Bessy

peeping their heads out at the edge. When he saw them, he thought within himself, how much wiser they were than silly Fanny; and, having left them all safe, he went to bed, quite pleased with the afternoon's pleasure.

When this little boy awoke in the morning, which was very early, for he was fond of seeing many things that can be seen only by early rising, he went to his frog pond to inspect his amphibious family. You know, I hope, my children, that amphibious means any animal that can live either in the water or on land. When he came to the pond he saw no signs of the frogs; he gently moved the floating grass on one side, but they were not at the bottom, so he concluded they had either gone abroad in the garden, or else they had concealed themselves in the subterranean cavern. So he waited patiently till evening came, and then renewed his visit. He walked gently up to the pond and looked cautiously into it; and sure enough there were his three friends, Dick, Bessy, and Fanny, all sticking their heads out of the water, as if looking for their breakfasts; but, when they saw him, plump they went to the bottom.

Many and many were the visits he paid to these queer little things without being able to make acquaintance with them: they seemed too shy for much familiarity.

But one morning, after there had been some rain in the night, he went forth as usual, and lo and behold, there he met all three coming home across the garden. He thought he would make free with them, and after one or two trials he caught Master Dick, and taking him up in his hand caressed him, and smoothed him gently with the soft leaf of a rose-campion plant, which he happened to have in his hand. Master Dick did not make much effort to get away, but seemed to be pleased. Many and many times, and for several years, did this little boy thus render himself thus familiar with the frogs; first one and then another, and at length they all became quite tame, and when he came near they did not jump into the pond as they had done at first, but remained outside, and looked boldly up at him, as much as to say, "Good morning, or good evening, sir," though they would instantly rush into the water if any one else came near them.

The frogs seemed to know his voice, and when he

stood still they would sometimes get on to his shoe, as if in full confidence of his kindness.

Nine years have now passed since little Master Dick, and little Miss Bessy, and little Miss Fanny first became the property by capture, of this little boy. But the little boy has now became a tall youth, and Dick has become a full-grown gentleman frog, and Miss Bessy and the giddy Miss Fanny, two fine handsome full-grown lady frogs. And they are all on the same friendly footing, except that the youth having started in the world to obtain his support has become somewhat a stranger. But there the frogs are still, tenants at will, and there they are likely to remain at present.

Now, my little friends, how do you like frogs by this time? They are not nasty ugly things, are they? I am sure you will say "no." And I wish you to look upon all things with the same interest and good feeling. You will find your walks so pleasant when in the country, if you find an old acquaintance, as it were, in every living thing and plant.

WRITTEN ON A BOY'S MARBLE.

BY MRS. BARBAULD.

THE world's something bigger,
But just of this figure,
And speckled with mountains and seas.
Your heroes are overgrown schoolboys,
Who scuffle for empires and toys,
And kick the poor ball as they please.
Now Cæsar, now Pompey, gives law;
And Pharsalia's plain,
Though heaped with the slain,
Was only a game at *taw*.

SHEE. SARTAIN

My Grandfather.

MY GRANDFATHER.

BY MRS. ABDY.

DEAR grandfather! evening is closing,
And I haste to your chamber again;
Your foot on a stool is reposing,
And I fear you still suffer from pain!
My bird I brought hither to please you,
But intrusive I fear I must be;
Oh! would that from pain I could ease you,
In return for your kindness to me.

How oft have you told me a story
Of wonder, of pathos, or mirth;
Of warriors, covered with glory,
Or peasants ennobled by worth:
You have lived in the company of strangers,
You have travelled by land and by sea;

You well know the world and its dangers,
And impart your experience to me.

I shall treasure the sound information,
By you, my dear grandfather, taught;
When I enter a world of temptation,
Where knowledge oft dearly is bought;
Meantime, still remain my adviser,
My faults still indulgently see;
And make me grow better and wiser,
By the care you bestow upon me.

THE HARVEST HOME.

BY MRS. SHERWOOD.

A FEW, a very few weeks only are passed, since little Warren Elmore burst into the small parlor within the best kitchen, in his father's large old-fashioned farm-house, crying, "The harvest home! the harvest home! to day is the harvest home; and as bright a sun, as Watkins says, as ever shone on good old England."

"Where are your manners, Master Warren?" said Mrs. Elmore, who was sitting at the breakfast-table with her two daughters, Harriet and Charlotte; "it is well your father is not in, or he would send you out of the door, to mend your manners by coming in again properly."

"Oh, mother!" answered the boy with an unchanged

merry face, "you must excuse me this once, for I am so happy. Watkins says that he never in all his long life thought so much of a harvest home but once, and that was, I don't know when, but he said it was a hundred years ago, as he does of this, after such a winter as we had last, when bread was hardly to be had, and he and his family were glad to rob the cattle and pigs of their Swedes to satisfy their hunger."

"Watkins speaks very properly," replied Mrs. Elmore; "there is more cause for thankfulness, dear Warren, for a fine harvest this year, than for any such event during my memory; nor must we forget who it is that fills our fields and our gardens with all plenteousness; so come and take your breakfast, and for this once I will pass over your little neglects of civility, my boy—as God, I know, through Christ, passes over a thousand heavier offences in his children."

So Warren took his place, and whilst his mother was cutting him a large slice of bread and butter, Miss Harriet, his eldest sister, who had once been in London, and thought herself very wise, because she had seen some things which other people had not

seen, took upon her to call her brother over the coals, as the old saying has it, respecting something he had said when repeating what the old man, Watkins, had told him.

This same Watkins had been the shepherd on the farm ever since the Elmores had resided upon it; and being a sincere Christian, was never prevented from inviting Warren to go with him when he went out among the sheep to count or to fodder them, or to drive them from one field to another.

"Did you mean to say, Warren, that Watkins could remember a harvest home which happened a hundred years ago?"

"He told me he did," replied Warren, whose spirit was always excited when his sister began thus to question him; and in consequence he often said many foolish things that he would not have said at other times.

"Oh, Warren!" exclaimed Charlotte, who was only a year and a-half older than Warren, "you know that could never be; to be sure Watkins does look very old, with his peaked nose and chin, and his very white hair, poor good old man; but he can't remember a

hundred years neither; and she began to laugh, and laughed so heartily, that she spilt her tea over her apron; but there was no one to notice this, because a young woman, with very red cheeks had just before called Mrs. Elmore out to see to the composition of some puddings; and Harriet was too busy with Warren to be able to attend to Charlotte.

"You must know, Warren," said Harriet, "child as you are, and little as you have seen, that it is impossible that Watkins can remember a hundred years ago; and I think it much more likely that you should have made a mistake, than that the old man should have told an untruth."

"You are very clever, we all know, Miss Harriet," returned Warren; "but I can prove that you are wrong about the making a mistake, for Watkins said that the harvest home before this, which was so very joyful, happened somewhere in the seventeen hundreds, and this is the eighteen hundreds, and I should like to know if eighteen is not one more than seventeen, Miss Harriet?"

Before Harriet could answer, Mrs. Elmore had returned to the room, and had fully understood that

Harriet and Warren had already talked each other into considerable bitterness, as was too common with them, for they both looked flushed and fiery. She did not inquire, as many might have done, into the cause of these angry symptoms; but sitting down, with the huge bunch of keys in her hand, with which she had been proceeding to a cupboard in the wainscot, she said—"This evening we hope to set such a supper on our board, as will gladden the hearts of the many honest people whom we have invited to rejoice with us in the bounties of Providence; but still, my children, by what I now see, I much fear that this enjoyment will not be general, and that I shall be compelled to look back with regret to the last winter, to many a season of humiliation and self-denial, in which we as a family, were all induced, I trust, by the Divine Spirit, to deny ourselves many luxuries in order that we might have more to spare to those who then actually wanted bread—when we felt, 'that a dinner of herbs where love is, is better than a stalled ox with hatred therewith.' (Prov. xv. 17.)

"Oh, my children! if plenty and prosperity tends to produce such fruits of pride and petulance amongst

the children of one family, can we wonder that the Almighty in his very love should withhold them from them? Are we so very vile, my beloved ones, that after all our sufferings of the last long winter, we should use the joyful excitement of the harvest home to the indulgence of wanton unkindness one towards the other?"

"Oh, mother! dear mother!" cried both the children, as with one voice, "we have done wrong;" and they ran first into each other's arms, and then into their mother's; and so passed off that little cloud, which small as it was in the beginning, might so have expanded itself, as to have hidden the sun of joy from shining upon the young brother and sister during the whole of the day.

A few minutes after this and one might have seen Warren running to the corn-field, where his father was before him, directing the loading of his wagons; and you might have heard the boy singing as he went along,

"The harvest home! the harvest home!
We sing, and labors o'er;
And golden grain, secure from harm,
In garners laid in store."

But busy and hot as they all were in the fields, they were neither busier nor even much warmer than Mrs. Elmore, her daughters, the maid servants, and certain old women who would have thought themselves disgraced for ever if they were not invited to help at the harvest home supper at Master Elmore's. Indeed, old Betty Watkins was privately of opinion, that it could not be properly got up without her aid; and she was far more near the truth in this matter, though past her best days by many years, and rather in the way than otherwise, than many of us human beings are, even when we ought, through spiritual light conferred upon us, to know so much better; for how often do we think of ourselves, and say of others, how useful we are, and what a loss should we and those be, in the way of advancing that which is good, if we were to be disabled.

So there were many cooks and helpers got together that morning in the two kitchens and front yard at the farm-house; and there was such a variety of horses in the place, that one might have supposed that preparations were being made for the Queen and all her court; there were faggots crackling in the oven

in the back kitchen, and puddings boiling in the large copper close by; and one maid rolling and kneading cakes at the dresser, making such reports with her rolling pin as might have made you think that she was breaking a log. Then, in the yard, on each side of the kitchen-door, were two women setting boards on tressels, which anon they covered with white cloths, on which they placed trenchers and salt-cellars, and horn-cups, garnishing the whole with flowers, which little Miss Charlotte brought in from the garden. It was no small trouble too, to keep the fowls from getting upon those tables; and the driving them off caused many a skirl, and many a run, and many a screech amongst the old women, old Betty asserting more than once that the hens were very much more troublesome in the present day than they were in her time; all creatures then being kept more in their places. Then there was drink to be drawn and carried out to the harvest men, for the heat was intense, and there was not a cloud to be seen, for the sky was of a deep dazzling blue, such as one does not often see. Neither was there less business going on in the best kitchen than without; first, there was

Mrs. Elmore herself, armed with her large bunch of keys, of which she seemed always to be selecting one for especial use; and then there was some one always chopping or beating eggs; and another always moving some kettle or saucepan on the hearth; and there was a constant noise of the smoke-jack in the wide chimney, under the pressure of a tremendous piece of beef, which caused every black wheel in the higher regions to utter sounds not unlike the skirlings of an ill-conditioned pipe. The very dogs seemed to be on the alert, and from always being in the way, received many a kick, which sent them yelping into other parts of the busy scene. And as the hours advanced, and the report arrived from the fields respecting the progress of the work in that quarter, the fervor of preparation became hotter, and the old and the young ran faster and got more and more into each other's way, till at length Mrs. Elmore, coming to a stand in the very middle of the kitchen, gave one scientific glance around her, and exclaimed, "They may come now as soon as they will; if nothing has been forgotten, we are all ready."

"And so we be," cried old Betty, "the best table,

and all set off with flowers as fine as a May-pole, thanks to Miss Harriet and them without, just as fine; and if Madam has not provided a supper fit for a king, why then my old age has taken away my understanding of such things."

Whilst the farmer and his men were unloading the last wagon, the supper was being set upon the tables, and the poor women and children ranged in their places in the yard. The great table within the kitchen was kept for the elders of this humble assembly, many of whom used to reckon up with great delight the many times in which they had been admitted to sit down at the same board with their masters and their families, for some remembered the father, and even the grandfather of Mr. Elmore.

It was most pleasant to the master and mistress to observe how much the good fare was enjoyed, and still more to see how modestly and thankfully every favor was received by the poor guests. When every one was satisfied, the company went out into the yard, where Mr. Elmore, before he left them to the enjoyment of some little amusement which had been provided for them with their wives and children, addressed

them, and called on them to thank God, who, after having shown his power to withhold the means of plenty, had then in his infinite mercy opened his hand to supply their necessities in rich abundance. "Hence, then," he added, "to him our God and Saviour, the Saviour of our bodies, we owe all the happiness of this our harvest home feast, and the prospect which we have of being amply fed during the ensuing year.

"But this is not all which we may learn by the Divine blessing from this feast of our harvest home.

"As I have often told you, my friends," he continued, "and as my father told me and you who knew him in former years, this life is but the shadow, the passing shadow of that which is to come, so that in all the most striking and important blessings granted us below and in the order and manner of natural things, we have the promise and the picture of things spiritual and now to us unseen; for example, the gathering in of our golden grain, and the rejoicings which we are permitted to make on such occasions, is like the earnest penny which a servant receives when he is accepted to any service into which he is not received at the moment. Our joyful

harvest home should be accounted by us, who believe in the Son of God as the Saviour of our race, as a pious festival in which we receive the earnest of that glorious feast, when all the holy seed, having been cut off from their roots in earth, shall be admitted into the treasure-house of the King of Kings, whilst all the courts of heaven shall ring with the cry of glory! glory! glory! be to him who hath gathered his wheat into his garner, and there will preserve it for ever."

MY SISTER.

BY MRS. ABDY.

DEAR Sister! I come to your cool retreat,
A seat by your side to ask;
I am wearied quite with the noontide heat,
And play has become a task:
I have climbed yon distant hills to-day,
I have gathered flowers in the glade,
And now with my sister I mean to stay,
And talk in the quiet shade.

Ere long I must quit these bowers and brooks,
And cease in these fields to roam;
I must con dull lessons and read dry books,
Away from my happy home.
I know it is right to improve my mind,
And that duties must be obeyed;

But I often shall picture my sister kind
As she sits in the quiet shade.

I shall share with others my griefs and joys,
And my friends may be frank and true;
But I cannot expect from unthinking boys
The love that I found in you.
I shall wish for you oft in hours of glee,
In trouble oft crave your aid,
And I know that my sister will wish for me
As she sits in the quiet shade.

SHAKING THE CRAB-TREE.

"Up in the morning early,
The birds are on the wing;
The air is full of music sweet—
How merrily they sing."

THERE was once a very pretty farm in Berkshire, called the Vale. It was really a delightful spot, and any one who was not desperately wicked might have been quite happy there. Nature seemed as if she had specially selected it for some kindly-disposed person, and there was one of the kindest farmers in the world lived there. He was a comfortable-looking, rosy-faced man, with a most pleasing countenance; and no one could talk to him or be in his company without feeling happy. He seemed to live and thrive upon the happiness of others, for when he saw them happy he was the more so himself, and life seemed very sweet to all who worked for him and with him.

He was industrious, and therefore he was prosperous; he was prosperous, and therefore he was happy; for his industry produced both health and comfort, and the means of doing good to others. But though God blessed his labors with plenty every year, and his barns were always well stored, and his stock abundant beyond that of most other farmers, yet he was frugal. He never wasted anything, nor would he allow others to do so. He knew that though he had plenty, yet there were many thousands of persons to whom that which might be wasted would be a blessing; and if there was any spare milk, or anything else not likely to be used in the farmhouse, he always had it distributed to the deserving poor who lived near him. And he was so wise in the distribution of his kindness! He did not give always to one poor person and never to another equally deserving, but he had it all shared amongst them in turns. He knew well where each poor person lived, for he often called to see those who were deserving, and he would tell the dairymaid to send down to any one (whose wants occurred to him), to say that there was something for them at the farm. By this means he pre-

vented poor neighbors from becoming jealous of each other, and no one depended upon charity from the farm, instead of working industriously, as they ought, for their living.

Now, it may perhaps appear to my little readers, that it was all very easy for Farmer Tripp to be kind and good-natured because he had plenty; but they must not conclude that having plenty always includes a good-will towards our fellow-creatures, and a desire to benefit them.

Oh, no! There are very many persons who have many thousands of dollars more than they know what to do with, and yet they never think of the poor; they are so comfortable themselves that they think no one else wants. But I think I hear some of my little readers say, "What a pity it is Farmer Tripp had no little boys and girls; for they must have been very happy children, and their mother must have been a happy mother to know that they had so kind a father!" But I will at once ease their fears in this respect, by telling them that there was a Mrs. Tripp, and there were also two sons and one daughter, and, as might be expected, they were very happy. Now I

have told you that Farmer Tripp was prosperous and happy, and I will also tell you, that when once a man has become settled in the world, he seldom fails, unless from some fault of his own, or from some unforeseen and serious misfortune, and that was not the case with Farmer Tripp. So we will see how the two sons got on, that you, my little friends, may take a lesson from their life.

Harry and John were the names of these two sons. Harry was the eldest, and he was of a good-natured disposition, and did no harm to any one; but then he did very little, if any, good, and he scarcely ever thought of being kind and attentive to his parents, or to any one else, unless John put him in mind of it by setting him an example. Harry had nothing vicious or unkind about him; but he seemed too comfortable himself, like the rich persons I have mentioned before, to think much of the happiness of others. But it was a very united family, though there was this defect in Harry's character; and Farmer Tripp took great pains with his sons. He set them a good example, which is a very important thing, and he also told them that they must be indus-

trious while they were young; for he should not always be with them to watch over their welfare. He gave certain parts of the farm in charge by turns to each; sometimes one had the barns and work of the homestead, as it is called, and the other, the out-of-door work, and so they changed about. They had been to school, and were possessed of a good plain education, which was suited to the state of life in which they were placed, and they were in every way prepared to make progress in the world.

Well, years went on in this way, and at last Farmer Tripp died, much to the regret of every one who knew him. He died rich, and divided his property amongst his family in such a way that all were satisfied. He left all the property at the farm to Harry, and to John he left a sum of money sufficient for him to begin farming; and they were bound by their father's will to allow their mother and sister enough to maintain them in the same comfort they had enjoyed when their father was alive.

They had a fair and even start in the world with equal means, and any one would have thought that each would become as wealthy and as much beloved

as their father had been; but we shall see that it is possible for well-directed people to go wrong.

John, with the money his father had left him, took a good farm in the same county, which he cultivated with great care and skill; and he met with the same success, and the same affectionate regard from all who knew him that his father had done. He was now a man, and had little children of his own; but his friends, and all those who knew him, always called him *Master* John, because they had been so long used to call him so.

All was peace and prosperity; and all things went on with him as well as he, and his best friends could wish; so he had reason to be satisfied, and he was so.

We will now take a peep at Harry and his affairs, and see how he got on.

Everything at the Vale went on for some time much in the same way it had done during old Farmer Tripp's time. All were accustomed to the ways of their former master, and they felt that those ways were right; for they had made every one happy. We have said, however, that Harry (I suppose we must now call him Mr. Harry) was of an easy disposition,

and easy dispositions do not always obtain success. It is a difficult thing for any one to know how to conduct himself under the sudden possession of wealth, and so Mr. Harry Tripp found it.

When he became his own master, as it is sometimes called, he of course felt that he had no longer the restraint of a father over him, and he thought he might indulge himself a little by joining in the pursuits of his rich neighbors. He now and then went out with them fox-hunting, or stag-hunting, and after fox-hunting came hunting dinners, and hunting dinners brought late hours, and late hours did not bring early rising, so Mr. Harry Tripp was often in bed when every one else was at work.

Now he might have done these things once now and then, and no ill perhaps would have come of it; but it is very difficult to fix a boundary to such pleasures, and he indulged in them very freely.

Then, after awhile, it became known pretty well in the farm that Mr. Harry Tripp did not rise very early, and his example was not lost upon his servants. They thought he was what is called a jolly fellow, and they indulged themselves late at the ale-house, in

drinking and talking about the hunting abilities of their master—how well he could leap over a hedge or a ditch, how certain he was always to come in at the death of the fox or the stag, and such like conversation, till it was very late; and late hours did not make them rise early any more than their master; but they felt no fear, for their master was sure to be in bed till eight o'clock, and there was plenty of time between four o'clock (the time when they should have been up) and eight, and it was very often much nearer eight than four when the business of the farm commenced.

Well, Mr. Harry Tripp did not see any of these goings on; but he severely felt them in the end, as we shall see.

About ten years after the death of old Farmer Tripp, it was talked about the neighborhood that Mr. Harry Tripp's affairs were all going wrong. The family were not so respectably dressed as they used to be, and everything about the farm looked poor. At last it was reported that Mr. Harry Tripp wanted to borrow money, which astonished some but made others shake their heads, as if to say, "I expected it would

be so." He had tried all his hunting friends, but they were much more ready to give him an excuse than to lend him money; so he was at last driven to ask his brother.

John Tripp had become, as we have read in the early part of this story, a rich man for a farmer, and a few hundreds, or even thousands of dollars were always at his command for a good purpose. But he had watched his brother's ways for some time with sorrow, and he met him on such an occasion as that of borrowing money with much grief.

Three hundred dollars was the sum Mr. Harry Tripp wanted to borrow, and when he had told all the supposed causes of his misfortunes, he expressed his hope that his brother would save him from that ruin which must follow if he refused.

Mr. John listened attentively, and with many kind feelings, and at last addressed his brother thus: — "Harry," said he, "trouble will come upon some of us when we do not expect it, and if there can be any consolation in such a case, it is the conviction that we could not have prevented it. I do not know whether you have felt that conviction; I hope you have. But

I will tell you what I will do for you. I will not *lend* you what you ask, but I will GIVE you three hundred dollars at the end of a month from this time, if you will go and shake the old crab-tree, which grows at the farthest end of your farm, every morning, at four o'clock, during the ensuing month."

Harry's heart, which was very sad when he first met his brother, now bounded with joy, and such joy as he had not felt for a long time. He was filled with astonishment that John should be so unexpectedly kind, and he promised most earnestly to shake the crab-tree to pieces, if that would please him.

The brothers then parted, and Mr. Harry Tripp wondered, as he travelled along the road home, what could be his brother's object in making so strange a request, and he at last decided that it was a whim. He, however, went home well pleased, and that night went to bed early.

Now Mr. Harry Tripp was a sensible man, and knew very well how farming business should be conducted, and it was not ignorance, but negligence, that occasioned his troubles. He awoke next morning and dressed himself, but on going down stairs he found

that it was past six o'clock. He felt very much vexed that he had overslept himself, but thought that as every one was so still in the house, that the clock was wrong; so he called for Sally, the house-servant, to ask her whether the clock was right; but Sally was soundly asleep. He then called Betty, the dairy-maid; but Betty was asleep too. He next called Tom, who looked after the horses; but Tom slept also. He then felt sure that the clock was wrong; so he went into the highroad, and ventured to ask a stranger passing by, who told him it was nearly seven o'clock.

Mr. Harry returned pretty quickly to the house, and gave them all proof that he at least was up. All accused themselves on account of over-sleeping, and wondered what accident had made their master get up so *very* early, and all passed off amidst his scoldings and angry looks. That evening Farmer Tripp again went to bed, bent on fulfilling his promise about the crab-tree. When he awoke, however, and went down stairs he found that it was past five o'clock, and again he was angry with himself. He, however, walked out into the farm-yard, and in walking round the buildings observed that none of his servants were at

their work; but he saw a strange man coming out of his barn with a sack of wheat on his back; and on Mr. Harry asking where he was going to with it, he said, "Nowhere;" and, throwing it down violently against Mr. Tripp, laid him prostrate on the ground, and made his escape.

Long did the farmer wait for his servants to appear. One by one they dropped in, each one as much astonished at the sight of his master as if he had been an apparition, but all prepared with a plausible excuse.

It was many days before Farmer Tripp could get up so early as four o'clock, but he always found some reward for his early rising, by detecting the evil doings of his servants. One morning he found a valuable cow in the barn, eating new wheat, which might have killed her, and there was no one at hand to prevent her. Another morning he found a man quietly driving away several sheep into an adjoining wood, which he meant to steal. Many, very many, were the rewards of this sort which he met with, each morning that he went forth.

The report now went about that Farmer Tripp had

become a reformed man, and that good must come of it. His neighbors welcomed him, and those who had before refused to trust him, now showed no reluctance. He saw clearly what his brother's scheme was, in telling him to shake the old crab-tree at four o'clock in the morning. He persevered in his task, though conviction had soon come upon him forcibly; and at the end of the month, how delighted was he to see his brother John ride up to the door, to fulfil his promise as faithfully as Harry had performed his strange commission.

It was a gentle but effective reproof, and one that did credit both to John's head and heart; and it caused a warm attachment between the brothers, which lasted as long as they lived.

TO AN INFANT NEPHEW.

BY NUGENT TAYLOR, ESQ.

GO fly, dear boy, thy paper kite,
And throw the bounding ball,
And gaze upon their rapid flight,
And mark their distant fall.

Or bend the bow with archer skill,
The stone unerring sling—
Make bubble worlds ascend at will,
Shoot marbles in the ring.

Or, mimic warrior, boldly guide
Thy sword without a stain—
And plant thy tiny cannons wide,
And bloodless battles gain.

Mid manly pleasure—manly joy,
Our boyhood's sports are dear;
Recall delights without alloy,
A sorrow, or a tear.

TWILIGHT AMUSEMENTS.

A FRIEND OF MANKIND.

I WAS born about the year 1450, either at Mentz, Haarlem, or Strasbourg, but the place of my nativity has been as much disputed as that of Homer, for the honor of whose birth seven cities contended.

Although my birth was likely to influence the well-being of many states, nay even to rule over them, no ceremony took place on my entrance into the world. I was not more attended than those persons were, who, by their own merits, or some extraordinary turn of fortune, rather than their birth, have attained great celebrity, such as Anne Boleyn, Elizabeth Woodville, Peter the Great, Napoleon Bonaparte, &c.

You will acknowledge I was a very precocious genius, when I inform you that, in 1457, I presented to the world a translation of the Bible in German, and

being devoted in early life to sacred literature, my next work was a version of the Psalms. In 1474 my first profane work appeared, and a "History of Troy" was then given to the wondering world.

In a short time I occasioned a very remarkable revolution, and one would have supposed that the applause, and admiration of my countrymen, and the gratitude of foreign nations would have been bestowed upon me; but alas! such was not the case. What great benefactor to the human race has not met with disappointment and ingratitude? I was suspected of witchcraft, and some one who sold my works publicly was thrown into prison; no uncommon case with those who are willing to sacrifice themselves for the good of their country. I was accused of dealing in the black art, and said to be the offspring of Sin. The former charge I could not altogether refute, but nevertheless when you know more of me, you will acknowledge I was, and ever shall be, a real friend to mankind.

I ought, however, very candidly to acknowledge, that by a hazardous and extravagant use of my powers, many men have been justly thrown into

prison; but more have been unjustly brought to trial by tyrants, and acquitted by their countrymen.

The frailty of human nature is such that the best privileges may be abused. More valuable books have been given to the world by me than by any author who could be named; and a richer fund of knowledge has been circulated by my means than by any philosopher ancient or modern. My literary and scientific compositions are beyond calculation—no subject was ever found beyond my capacity, none ever beneath my attention. Sir William Jones nor the Abbate Mezzofante ever understood, nor Dr. Bowring ever translated from so many languages as I have published in. I have composed in all the known languages, only excepting such as the Japanese, Esquimaux, &c., that have no literature to boast of.

To continue my history in a more regular form. In 1474 I first visited England, and resided in the Almonry in Westminster, and then gave to the public "The Mirror of the World," and "The Game of Chess."

It would be impossible to enumerate the succession of works I have brought into public notice. Philoso-

phy, science, politics, religion, poetry, sentiment, and frivolity (I am compelled to add), have by turns been promulgated by me.

It has been said of authors whose works seem too labored, that their productions "smell of the lamp" —"the midnight oil." This applies with peculiar force to all mine. I acknowledge they too often "smell of the lamp." In course of time I travelled into Italy, France, and Spain; but strange to say, I never enjoyed my entire liberty in either of those countries. I was always restrained or shackled in some way or other. In England, and in England alone, am I free and independent, like the poor Negro, who no sooner sets foot on English soil than he is free, and so long as he keeps the law no human power can enslave him.

The French nation have ever been jealous of my power, and that of my family; but I have every reason to believe that had they granted me my liberty, and a more liberal circulation of my works, those terrible revolutions which have disturbed the peace of the country would never have taken place.

With all my merits I have never been the subject of a poet's pen—

"For me no minstrels' raptures swell,"

although I have done much for the muses, and have generously sounded their praises, and given the best editions of the classics to the public. Public men and politicians praise and patronize me most; indeed any, the least infringement of my rights and privileges would doubtless excite a tumult in this land of liberty. My picture, like that of many celebrated authors, is often prefixed to my works; and I am considered as the standard or emblem of political liberty. Dr. Benjamin Franklin was the chief support of my interest and success in his day in North America. I can boast of much greater age and honors than either old Jenkins or old Parr, who lived in the reign of ten kings and queens, I have survived eighteen English monarchs, and am still, I trust, in the vigor of my intellect. Those who speak of the glorious march of intellect, too often forget how much is due to me—information would have slumbered but for my awakening powers, or it would have travelled as slowly as it did for endless ages previous to my birth. I have been as a steam-carriage for knowledge,

compared with the single-horse, or hand-barrow conveyance of former times. A man is often reproached with being a man of *words* and not of *deeds*. You will be surprised when I tell you, without vanity, that though I have an infinity of words at command, and make most unlimited professions of virtue, not one word is unaccompanied by its corresponding deed. My words and deeds are one and the same thing.

I cannot but lament that Socrates and all the virtuous ancients had not known me. Many of their works which we have lost might then have been preserved to us, and never can I forgive those stupid old monks who scribbled their superstitions and idle controversies on the valuable manuscripts of the classic authors. Had they known my works, they would have been convinced of the uselessness of their proceedings. I shall not sign my name, and if you do not find me out I shall think you remarkably dull, as you have read some of my compositions every day since you knew your letters, and you must know me if you know your A B C.

A WELL KNOWN TRAVELLER.

Amongst the heathen Gods was one named Proteus, who, when he did not choose to give answers to the questions put to him, used to change his form and elude inquiry. Sometimes he changed into a lion, sometimes into a gentle lamb, sometimes he disappeared in a flame of fire, and not unfrequently as a rushing stream or a whirlwind. Hence his name has been given to all changeable people, and they are called Protean or Proteus-like. To confess my most besetting sin first—I am a very Proteus. I am lion-like, lamb-like, like a flame of fire, and often very similar to a rushing stream! I oft-times appear before you in the most gentle mien, soothing with my softest, gentlest caresses; but such is the uncertainty of my temper that without any apparent aggravation, I am in a moment ready to knock you down with my violent boisterous attacks upon your person. It would be in vain to call a policeman, you would have no redress—I set all law at defiance: he could not take me up, and he would soon fall prostrate by my blows.

In fact all unruly tempers are likened unto me. I have been very candid in openly declaring my faults first, and you will find, that although they are those of temper, and often injurious to many, they are not the faults of a mind intent on mischief or of a corrupt heart. I have often brought sorrow into the bosom of families. I have often separated a beloved brother from the sister he protected and cherished. I have often prevented the meeting of a parent and a darling child. I have often interposed between a returning prodigal and a forgiving Christian father; but, when you know me, you will confess that I premeditated no evil; and that if I were the innocent cause of so much mischief, I have at times united early friends, whom land and sea had separated:—brought peace into families by restoring a parent who was supposed to have been swallowed up by the devouring deep;—and have led to his beloved home some shipwrecked son, whose memory a mother's and a sister's tears had honored. In fine, I am generally supposed to do some good to some one, act as I may—so says the proverb, and proverbs you know are the concentrated wisdom of nations. You

must have already concluded that I am a great traveller; indeed I surpass all others. Bruce, Burchell, and Bowditch were snails and tortoises compared with me. There is not a nook in the wide world I have not explored. "I have put the wild waters in a roar." I have crossed the Pampas in South America; penetrated through New Holland, from Sydney to the Swan River; traversed North America from the Atlantic to the Pacific. I have wintered in Siberia, and spent many summers at Quito. I frequently cross the Deserts, and am the scourge of the caravans. I have travelled in a palanquin on the banks of the Ganges. I have been almost suffocated in a tackhteravan in Persia by the side of the Sultana. I have glided on the ice in a sledge in Lapland, and skaited at St. Petersburgh; and I have been slowly dragged along in the trackschuyts of Holland. I have wandered by the "calm Bendemeer," and crossed the terrific rapids at the falls of Niagara. The celebrated traveller, Ledyard, surprised the official person who asked him how soon he could be ready to set off for the interior of Africa, by answering promptly "To-morrow." *I* could set off to-day! Notwithstanding

my love of speed, I neither encourage horses, carriages, nor steam-boats, and never travel willingly either by the one or the other. They return the compliment by disregarding my powerful aid;—a power courted by the British navy and the East India Company. I always patronize the kite carriages, and often take a tour in a balloon, for I am haughty and ambitious, and love "to ride on the curled clouds."

I am as old as the hills, or more properly my birth was coeval with creation, and I am spoken of in holy writ. I was the instrument, under Divine Providence, of enabling the Israelites to cross the Red Sea. In later times I have also done wonders for mankind. It was I who forwarded Columbus on his voyage, and without me even the jewels of Queen Isabella would have been of no avail;—to me he was indebted for his safe guidance, for you may remember that the variation of the compass was then first discovered, which quite alarmed the pilots, who thought they were entering a world subject to unknown influences. Columbus was not disconcerted, he ingeniously accounted for the phenomenon, and

trusted to my direction. I was a great friend to Queen Elizabeth, and therefore a great enemy to Philip of Spain. I was of comparatively little use to Captain Parry, and by modern inventions my use has been often superseded. And beneficial as undoubtedly I am, I am often considered an impediment. I have ever been a friend to commerce, so much so that I have received a title from the merchants in consequence, and many would fail without my support. I can live in any climate however intemperate; but at the Torrid Zone I am most uncertain in my temperament, sometimes so violent that no house can hold me. They talk of the passionate little humming-bird, that tears a flower into pieces if it cannot immediately get the honey it contains: I (and with regret I own it) destroy whole gardens, tear the fruit from the trees, and throw it on the ground, break the sugar-canes, and scatter cocoanuts about like stones. You will think that I am a destructive giant, and so I sometimes seem; but again I am like a little fairy, and gently carry a fragile butterfly to cradle it within a rose. Poets say that I sigh, and that I am sentimental; it may be so, I certainly never smile nor

ever commit the vulgarity of a laugh, and enjoy no sport but flying kites. It is quite astonishing to think how many things are compared to me. Would you describe the swiftness of the reindeer, it assimilates to me; and in one of Ossian's descriptions of Cuthullin, he says he drove his car with a speed only equal to mine. Is any one unmanageable, ungovernable, he is said to be like me. But of all attributes, that most recurring, is my uncertainty; yet I am required like a passport, to ensure travellers safe conduct to foreign countries, and a species of guide-post is erected in most towns and villages, to say which way I am going. I have as many names as a German prince, or a Spanish Don. I have not yet spoken of my accomplishments, and in these days how much value is set upon accomplishments! I am no poet, no painter, no dancer, but I am a musician; and so far celebrated, that without being the inventor, many musical instruments have been named after me. I play upon the harp, but I am chiefly celebrated for my whistling; and those who love to be wiser than their neighbors, declare that my whistling is prophetic, and they presume to know

what it portends. My note, unlike the nightingale's, is—

"*Not* musical *but* melancholy."

Like many celebrated performers, I have particular seasons for appearing to the notice of the public; at other times I am silent, like the cuckoo, or I wander like the swallow, nobody knows where. If in this particular I am like a bird, I am afraid you will say I am like a wild beast, when I own to you that I often *roar* and *howl*—actually howl! Can you then believe that I have happy moments when—

"I come o'er your ear like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odor!"

I have yet my most mysterious confession to make —I AM INVISIBLE!

THE FISHER BOY.

BY MARY HOWITT.

AH! Fisher Boy, I well know thee,
Brother thou art to Marion Lee!
What, did'st thou think I knew thee not,
Could'st thou believe I had forgot?
For shame, for shame! what? I forget
The treasures of thy laden net!
And how we went one day together,
One day of showery summer weather,
Up the sea-shore, and for an hour
Stood sheltering from a pelting shower,
Within an up-turned ancient boat
That had not been for years afloat.
No no, my boy! I liked too well
The old sea-stories thou didst tell;

I liked too well thy roguish eye—
Thy merry speech—thy laughter sly;
Thy old sea jacket to forget,
And then the treasures of thy net!
Oh Andrew! thou hast not forgot,
I'm very sure that thou hast not,
All that we talked about that day,
Of famous countries far away!—
Of Crusoes in their islands lone,
That never were nor will be known;
And yet this very moment stand
Upon some point of mountain land,
Looking out o'er the desert sea,
If chance some coming ship there be.
Thou know'st we talked of this—thou knowst
We talked about a ship-boy's ghost—
A wretched little orphan lad,
Who served a master stern and bad,
And had no friend to take his part,
And perished from a broken heart,
Or by his master's blows, some said,
For in that boat they found him dead,
And the boat's side was stained and red!

And then we talked of many a heap
Of ancient treasure in the deep,
And the great serpent that some men,
In far-off seas met now and then,
Of grand sea-palaces, that shine
Through forests of old coralline;
And wondrous creatures, that may dwell
In many a crimson Indian shell;
Till I shook hands with thee to see,
Thou wast a poet—Andrew Lee!
Though thou wast guiltless all the time
Of putting any thoughts in rhyme!
Ah!—little Fisher Boy! since then
Ladies I've seen, and learned men,
All clever, and some great and wise,
Who study all things, earth and skies,
Who much have seen and much have read,
And famous things have writ and said;
But, Andrew, never have I heard
One that so much my spirit stirred,
As he that sate with me an hour
Screened from a pelting thunder shower—

Now laughing in his merry wit,
Now talking in a serious fit,
In speech that poured like waters free!
And it was thou, poor Andrew Lee!
Then shame to think I knew thee not—
Thou hast not, nor have I forgot—
And long 'twill be ere I forget
How thou took'st up thy laden net,
And gave me all that it contained
Because I too thy heart had gained!

A CHAPTER OF ANECDOTES.

BY MARY HOWITT.

OF A RAVEN THAT WENT TO A FAIR.

THERE was, some fifty years ago, a very cunning and mischievous raven named Ralph, kept at a lonesome farm-house in Derbyshire. He was a great favorite with all the family, though he often created much annoyance and trouble by his thievish tricks. Whatever came in his way which was not too heavy for him to lift he carried off; yet, though everybody knew who was the thief, he seldom came in for punishment, the servants and different members of the family being blamed for leaving anything in his way. Notwithstanding the care, however, which everybody took to put things in their places, Ralph found many

a little article of which he made prize, and many a one which was never missed at the time.

After Ralph had practised his thieving, and indulged his love of secretion for some years, all his hoard came one day suddenly to light. He had buried it in, as he thought, a cunning hole that he had made in the thatched roof of a barn. His treasures grew and grew, and the hole had been deepened and deepened till it was as deep as the thatch itself; and then all his accumulation fell through on to the barn floor. What an endless variety of articles there were!—thimbles, small pieces of money, balls of cotton, knitting-needles, curtain-rings, one or two gold rings, a brooch, sleeve-buttons, two salt-spoons, a mustard-pot lid, combs, little old housewives, pincushions, hair-pins, buckles, and all the multitude of small things that abound in the houses of tolerably wealthy people. There was a world of amusement in the owning of the various articles of Ralph's treasury, and many an old forgotten friend was brought to light; and many another was found of which nobody could give any account at all.

The winter after this event poor Ralph came to an untimely end. Somebody had made him, of scarlet cloth, a comb and wattles, like those of a chanticleer, which he allowed to be put on him, and seemed to wear with as much pride as a young soldier his new uniform. Shortly after this event, their chanced to be a fair in the neighborhood, and as several of the family went to it, Ralph saw no reason why he might not go there too. Off he flew after them, and making his arrival in the very height of the fair, perched upon the roof of a house which stood in the very midst of the bustle. In a moment he was descried, and supposed to be some new and wonderful bird; everybody, therefore, was desirous of securing him. Unfortunately a man with a gun was at hand, and to make sure of so strange a creature while he was within reach, the gun was aimed at him, and poor Ralph and his glory fell together. Hardly had he reached the ground when his old friends of the farm came up with a crowd which had been drawn together by the firing of the gun, and recognised their old favorite. Great was the lamentation that was made over

him, and loud and vehement their indignation at the impatient rabble who had so summarily ended his days. His sagacity was an endless theme of discourse: story after story was told of him, and so great was the sympathy of all the fair-going people, that for some time they forgot the amusements that surrounded them, to condole over the unfortunate raven who had come to the fair in all his finery to meet with so tragic an end.

ANDRE

SARTAIN

The Bird.

THE BIRD.

BY MISS AGNES STRICKLAND.

A FOWLER once, as I have heard,
Gave to a little girl a bird,
Who, pleased and charmed beyond all measure,
Called it her darling and her treasure;
And all believed the bird would prove
Most happy in its owner's love.

But, oh! too closely to her breast,
Her prize the simple urchin pressed,
And, in her warm affection's blindness,
She stifled it with too much kindness.

'Tis thus affection oft we find,
Unless calm reason rule the mind,
Produce on its objects' fate,
The same effect as deadly hate.

THE CHILDREN OF THE POOR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "BOOK OF THE SEASONS."

WHEN we think of childhood, I believe we naturally think of it as a happy period of life; as a sort of fairy-land into which care has not found its way; where fear is unknown, where pain is transitory, and comes not near the heart; and where the dark ideas of crime and death have no being. The poets are all accustomed to speak of it thus; and turning back into our own memories, there we find it so. A happy land, all shining with an unsetting sun; all full of morning dews and opening flowers; all full of curiosity, and a thousand things on which curiosity may feed: bird, and blossom, and green waving tree; running waters, and humming bees; sounds of delight; scents of delicious fragrance, spirits of exulting buoy-

ancy; followed by sleep, balmy and deep, and filled with dreams of heaven. It is thus that my imagination involuntarily paints childhood. Thinking of it, I see rosy children rolling on green slopes; wandering through dells, and woods of wonder; laughing and singing, and shouting in glad little groups beneath the village tree; or busy on some sunshiny bank, making mills, and weighing out dust for sugar. Or I see them collected round the cottage hearth at night, listening to tales of rustic marvel—Jack and his Bean-stalk, Tom Thumb, and Little Red Riding Hood; or playing on the ample carpeted floor of the hall, the object of fond contemplation to those happy and refined beings who regard them as the most precious of their many possessions, and whose names and virtues they are to perpetuate.

So, I say, we involuntarily regard childhood, but real life soon forces more sober realities upon us. We soon are brought to witness the angry and unreasonable petulance with which the ignorant tyrannise over their own offspring; the weak indulgence by which the rich sap the bodily and mental strength of theirs. We soon find scores of little creatures shut up in a

hot and murky atmosphere, under the dolorous rod of the schoolmaster; we meet shivering imps of poverty in the blackest of winter's bitter days; and are startled from our dreams of childish happiness. We hear the little sweep knocking in our chimneys in the dark morning, or screaming from their tops with a voice, the sound of which, in the sharp winter air, goes to our hearts as we lie in our warm beds. We soon hear of, if we do not see, the woes of orphans, and the hard destinies, the privations, and the blows, and the pinings of little wretches that have fallen into the fangs of poverty, and of poverty's hardest tyrant—cruel taskmasters and taskmistresses over those who have none to defend them.

Ah me! we soon find it a hard world, and that children must bear a full portion of its hardness. Even in the department of rural labor, which one would fain believe a happy one, we soon see that it is not so; and yet things so much darker come upon our experience that we soon cease to pity what we once pitied sorely.

I have seen laborers dibbling in beans, as the farmers call it, that is, walking backwards with a sharp-

pointed staff in their hands, and making holes in a ploughed field as they go, while three or four little boys followed each laborer, popping beans into the holes they made. I have seen this on a cold day in February, when the east wind was driving over the field most savagely, and the little urchins have looked red and blue with the cold, and have blown their fingers, and slapped them on their sides, endeavoring to warm them, and yet could not; and thus they have gone on all day, and day by day, and I pitied them,—but I do not pity them now.

I have seen little boys set to drive birds from a corn field just sown, in the early spring. Afar off in the solitary fields they watched and wandered, to and fro, from early dawn till nightfall, till their task became insupportably weary. Not a soul had they to exchange a word with; they had their dinner in a bag; a clapper to drive away the birds; and they would be found making a miserable attempt with turfs, and sticks, and dry grass, to raise a sort of screen against the wind and rain. I have found such an one cowering under a shed of this sort, or under a high bank in the midst of Sunday, while

the village bells sounded at a distance merrily, and told of people assembling happily together. Not one of his holiday companions were near him, and his only mode of making the time bearable appeared to be attempting to obtain a fire by the help of his tinder and matches, and his great horn lantern—but the sticks were all wet, and they hissed, and smoked, and went out. I have seen this, and I pitied him, but I do not pity him now.

I once saw a little fellow of this sort who stirred my sympathy exceedingly. It was a cold, raw, foggy day in February. The wet hung in myriads of drops on the hedges, and the dampness of the air clung about you with a dispiriting chillness. I was passing through Sherwood Forest, and across a farm brought into cultivation in the midst of its solitary waste. As I passed a tall hedge, I heard a faint, shrill cry, as of a child's voice, that alternating with the sound of a wooden clapper, sung these words:—

We've ploughed our land, we've sown our seed;
We've made all neat and gay;
So take a bit, and leave a bit—
Away, birds! away!

I looked over the hedge and saw a little rustic lad, apparently about seven years old in his blue carter-frock with a little bag hanging by his side, and his clapper in his hand. From ridge to ridge of a heavy ploughed field, and up and down in long furrows, he went wading in the deep soil, with a slow pace, singing his song with a melancholy voice, and sounding his clapper. It was morning. There was something in the appearance of that little creature in that solitary place, connected with his unvaried occupation, and his soft and plaintive voice, that touched powerfully my heart; and, as I went on, I still heard his song, fainter and fainter in the deep stillness. I came back in the evening, seven long hours afterwards. The twilight was closing in; yet, as I rose over a slight hill, that weak, melancholy voice again reached my ear. All that weary day, that lone, weary, little creature had been traversing that field, with his melancholy song and his dolorous clapper. Never did I feel a livelier pity for any living thing! At the same moment I met a little girl, and I saw by the earnest expression of her countenance that it was his sister. "What little

bird-boy is this?" I said. "It is my brother Johnny, sir," she replied. "It is the first day that he has ever worked; but my father said it was time now that he did something towards getting his living; and so he made him a clapper as he sat by the fire at night; and my mother made him a bag for his dinner; and he was very proud of his job, and thought he was going to be a man; but a neighbor who passed this afternoon and asked him how he liked his task, said he was crying; and that he said the silence frightened him; and he wished himself at home again, and so I am going for him; and I dare say he is tired enough!" In truth he was tired enough, poor fellow, and I pitied him, but I do not now.

I have seen boys tending cattle in the Scottish dales, where they have no hawthorn hedges, as we have, because they say "they harbor birds and other vermin," but they make hedges of old women and children; that is, they set them to keep the cattle from the corn. I have seen women sitting wrapped in their gray cloaks for hours on the hill sides, but my business is not with the women; and

boys trying all schemes to while away the time;—hopping, leaping, striding this way and that, cutting the turf with their knives into their names; and the names of their dogs; and the shapes of their face into other shapes; bowling stones, and singing, and shouting at the top of their voices; while their clever dogs kept their eye upon the cattle, and did the actual business of the day. These boys too, in their weary loneliness, I pitied, but I do not pity them now.

There are children that are set to pick up a few pence by watching a gate, to open it for travellers. I know a gate on a distant heath where a little girl is commonly to be found. She goes their after breakfast, takes her dinner, and stays till night. As you approach you see her seated on a bank, or peeping from behind the gate-post; and whether you ride or walk she opens the gate. Sometimes she prevails on two or three of her play-fellows to go and spend a summer afternoon with her, and then it is a merry time. They contrive to find a hundred devices of pleasure on the heath: they collect flowers and plant a garden, and enclose it with circles of pebbles; they

pursue the blue dragon-flies by the neighboring clear brook, and listen to the strange cries of the snipe and wild-duck, and coot and water-hen that haunt the sedgy marsh through which it runs. But in cold weather she is a wretched little sojourner, wrapped up in her old red cloak, and standing in snow, and rain, and wind, eight or nine long hours for a few pence, perhaps for nothing—not even a civil "thank you" from those who drive through in their glittering carriages.

I knew two or three ragged lads that kept watch upon a gate on a road I often passed some years ago. The gate opened upon a common. On the approach to it lay little slips of waste land by the road side, covered with broom and gorse. Once as I passed, I saw one of these slips enclosed with a rough fence. Presently after, as I passed again, I beheld a little hut raised of rough stone, covered with dry fern, and the windows made of oiled paper. A poor, exceedingly poor family had taken possession of it, and it seemed to swarm with ragged children. In my succeeding rides past this little enclosure, I observed with curiosity the progress of improvement, for there was

improvement at work. The garden grew fuller of plants, and better cultivated. It in time had a goodly show of gooseberry and currant bushes; its rows of pease and beans—its onion and carrot-beds—its marygold flowers to flavor their pottage—its little border of sage, and rue, and winter savory; even its house-side border of flowers, with conspicuous bushes of rosemary and sweet-briar. The house itself grew slowly into better state. First, its rough walls were plastered; then its fern roof gave place to one of good thatch; its paper windows were succeeded by real glass ones. Young pear trees were nailed to its walls, and apple trees were planted in the garden. Presently afterwards I espied a pig-stye—the settlement was evidently flourishing. Presently I saw another piece of land enclosed; the garden lay on one side of the house, this on the other. The man, said I, grows ambitious—what wants he this for? The next time I passed, I saw the piece was dug, and already covered with a springing crop of wheat. Here was a corn field indeed! What can the man have more? He had something more—a bee-hive! and, year after year, I saw one hive after another set by the side of

the first till there was absolutely a row of nine under a shed which had been lengthened every year. The trees in the garden grew up, and were covered with fruit; the garden grew perfectly thick and bushy with its exuberant crops. But if the house and garden stock had flourished, so had also the children, —I never saw such a swarm,—the poor man was obliged to lengthen his house as he had lengthened his bee-shed. There were girls growing up fast. One was seen going to and fro helping in the house; another was fetching water, and going in her little gray cloak to the village on errands; a third was carrying about a great fat baby, half as large as herself. Two ragged lads lay rolling and playing on the greensward before the dwelling, keeping a sharp look-out up and down the lane to see if any one approached the gate, and at the first glimpse of a person away they bounded, like young roes. It mattered not whether the passenger was on horseback or on foot, open the gate they would, and stood with curious looks expecting each a halfpenny. It was often my amusement to put my horse into a smart trot, as if I would out-go the lads, and open the gate myself; and

then, what a scamper, and a puffing was there! Their wild, shaggy hair flew and danced in the sunshine; their ragged jackets seemed as if they would be shaken off their backs; and their bad, loose shoes, on their stockingless feet went slip-slap on the smooth hard road. The nearer I came the faster they scuffled on, till off they threw their shoes, and ran and bounded like young bucks. It was amazing to see their speed, and laughable to witness their wild anxiety.

I and one of my brothers agreed to play them a prank; so we measured them accurately with our eye, and got each a jacket and trousers made, and took them with us the next time we went. When the lads were running, and had nearly reached the gate, we spurred on our horses, and, coming up with them, off we leapt, and seized each lad. At first there was a terrified silence; and then, as we began to strip off their rags, a most terrible uproar and struggling, as if we were about to strip them of jewels and silks instead of rags; but as the new clothes were unfolded on the road, the clamor as suddenly ceased; they slipped their bare red legs

into the trousers as nimbly as possible; they were buttoned up in a moment, and giving each of them a gentle slap on the shoulders, off they ran at full speed, looking each moment down at themselves, and then back at us, as if jealous that we should pursue, and undo all we had done. We laughed heartily at our joke, and went on. When we returned some days afterwards, we no sooner came in sight of the hut, than we saw the lads jump up from the green-sward, and out come father, mother, great girl, middle girl, lesser girl, and least girl of all, with the baby in her arms, with bows and curtsies, and most vociferous thanks for this little act of kindness.

I used to pity these children, and wonder what would become of such a colony in this populous country and these hard times; but I do not pity them now. I pity scarcely any ragged, or cold, or solitary little creature I see in the country, and if you ask me why, I will tell you. I used to pity them, for they were the most pitiable objects, as children, that I had seen; but now, I have seen and heard of such things as make my blood run cold. I have seen something, and heard more of

crowds of little children, ay, hundreds and thousands in this great and glorious Christian country, who spend their very youngest years in the dirty narrow streets and close alleys of great towns, scarcely seeing the blue sky above them, never seeing a green field, nor hardly a green leaf; surrounded by all sorts of noisome smells and dismal sounds, and fed by haggard parents on the most miserable food. So these little human creatures live, while lambs, and calves, and foals, the offspring of our servile beasts, lie abroad in the green fields beneath the eye of heaven, couched on the freshest grass, surrounded by the sweetest flowers, warmed with sunshine, and at liberty to rise from their luxurious repose and gambol around their dams free and vigorous as the breeze that blows over them. When those little town children are seven or eight years old, and the children of villages begin to go to school, they, little wretches, go in crowds to great, noisy, hot, and most unwholesome mills, all full of strange roaring and rattling machinery, and there, day and night almost, their little limbs are made to ply busily amongst whirling and tearing wheels, wearily, wearily, through the

long and unchanging hours of most painful days. Ay, in those tender years when nature meant them to have nothing to do but to grow—to grow both in body and mind: and when the children of the peasantry wander in the happy fields and lanes, under the broad, blue, and genial heavens, amidst the sweetest scenes of spring; breathing nothing but purity and fragrance; listening to the curious notes of the cuckoo, and the joyous tones of the lark and the blackbird; seeing a thousand heavenly sights of green, waving trees, and flowers, scattered over the pleasant earth,—cowslips, and king-cups, and anemones clustering about the mossy stumps of the woods. Oh! the terrible contrast! There all happiness, all health, all growing strength and cheerfulness,—laying up a hoard of powers for the demands of coming life;—while those poor little troops of beings are wasting life's energies in its very outset; wearing soul and body away for a most pitiful pittance: quailing under the blows and the curses of savage taskmasters till their strength fails them; —their eyes are overborne with sleep, and they drop into the fangs of the cruel machinery, and are torn

literally limb from limb. Yes! in this Christian country, which has started at the cry of suffering from the very ends of the earth, and has roused herself to relieve it, are the vitals of infancy wound actually on wheels, drawn out by most excessive labor, to supply the insatiable demands of avarice! Poor little fellow-creatures that receive no proof of fellowship! Poor little heirs of humanity that have no humanity shown them! What on earth can be more harrowing than their cries, as they start from their few, short hours of sleep, in terror of blows, and exclaim—"Father! father! is it time? is it time?" What can be more melancholy than the contrast of their stunted forms, their swollen legs, their wasted and wan faces, as of creatures grown old before their time,—and those of the children of the peasantry, all health, and sturdy strength, and rosy freshness?

When I think of those wholesale dens of despair—those houses of bondage in which the rising generation of our poor is blasted into deformity, disease, and early death—I cease to pity the worst shapes of hardship which I witness in the country. What

are all the troubles of the children of the country to these! If they are poor, and ragged, and wearied with solitary employment,—what then? They have health and strength; the fair sky is above their heads; the vital air from the hills and the sea rushes over their frames; they walk about at liberty, and go from moderate hours of labor to comfort, and to sound, sweet, unharrassed, and unviolated repose.

And oh! when we turn to the happier forms of employment in the country, how blessed do they seem in comparison! The very children laboring at the brick-yards with their bare legs, and their bodies all smeared with the red clay, as they run to and fro, and fetch bricks from the moulder, and lay them in rows in the sunshine: the very boy who sits for many an hour turning the great wheel of the rope-maker, seem most fortunate in the contrast. But see! here is a picture of one of the employments of our young peasants. Here is one of the hop-gardens of England. These little girls are picking the hop-flowers from the runners which other merry children bring to them, nodding in prodigal luxuriance on their tall poles, which old men are busy

pulling up for them. It is a cheerful and Arcadian time. The bright autumnal sky fills their hearts with vigorous joy, and they take their meals all together beneath a hedge, or tree, as pleasantly as any shepherds of old time. *They* are not compelled to take their food as they stand before never-ceasing machines, fit images of eternal torture, in the hot and flocky atmosphere of a mill;—*they* do not meet as strangers from the swarming dens of an overgrown town, having too many ever-pressing cares of their own—too many demands on time and temper to grow interested in one another; having but one black bond of union—their common grinding destiny; but may sit down together the familiar neighbors of a peaceful hamlet, knowing all the particulars of each other's interests; feeling a lively sympathy in each other's little fortunes, full of anecdotes of the rural life of the country round; respecting their employers—known and respected by them. Can there be much wider difference of human destinies?

If we were to go through the country at all seasons of the year, one of the sweetest sights would be the children doing their little duties, and picking up their few pence to help the family needs. In spring

we should come, at times, upon a row of little osier-peelers, seated beneath the shade of some picturesque shed, all busy with their hands stripping the green bark from the withes; all chatting and laughing behind the tall rows of white peeled twigs. We should find children traversing the green meadows for violets and cowslips, and primroses, to bring in glowing basketsful to the town. We should encounter little girls in happy companies, employed in nursing their infant brothers and sisters; strolling about in fields and lanes, and dells, by the running stream, and under the pleasant trees, finding out a thousand wonders. We should see, as the season advanced, companies of boys gathering stones from the grass-fields, ere shut up till the hay-harvest; and weeding the fresh green corn, where, ever and anon, they come upon the nest of the partridge, the rail, the lark, or the yellow-wagtail, and often find and capture the downy leveret. We should find them in gardens and shrubberies, weeding beds of flowers and culinary herbs, and carrying away dead leaves and the cuttings of trees for the gardeners. We should find them, in summer, active in the hay and cornfield, keeping watch, armed with a rod of office tipped

with a piece of scarlet cloth, over geese and turkies with their broods: we should descry them gathering berries on the sunny heaths, and mushrooms from the old pastures. In the autumn, the acorns come pattering down from the oaks for them to gather; the chesnut and the triangular beech-nut lie plentifully in the woods; and the nuts exhibit their tawny clusters for their eager hands. They are gleaners abroad, and thrashers of their little harvest at home; helping their mothers to spread out a sheet on the greensward of the open common, and winnowing their little heap of grain in the free winds of heaven. Happy creatures of a happy country! for to them the toil, and the heart-ache, and the anxious fears, that oppress and spoil the spirit of life in the hearts of almost all the populous tribes of this kingdom, exist not; they see but greenness and sunshine, they enjoy but peace and a most blissful ignorance of evil and real hardship; and yet, could they but have a peep into our horrible places of manufacturing torture, and see the positive woe, and be made to feel the arbitrary laying waste of the minds and frames of our town children, how tenfold more happy must their lot seem!

THE TWO KITTENS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "COTTAGE POETRY."

THERE were once two little kittens
In a family I knew,
And their history, young readers,
May be of use to you:—
When they were born the people praised
Their color, shape, and features,
And said (what many say of you),
"What pretty little creatures!"

As they grew larger they improved,
By warmth, and care, and food,
But one grew very beautiful,
The other very good;
The good one, searching through the house
For mice, would never tire;

The other all the morning long
Lay sleeping by the fire.

Now this you know was waste of time,
Neglecting thus her duty,
Her mistress soon begin to think
But lightly of her beauty;
The servants soon neglected her,
Nor their anger sought to bridle,
Saying "handsome *is* which handsome *does*,
"No dinner for the idle."

To look upon the pretty one
Their patience shortly tired,
And her less handsome sister soon
Began to be admired:
Her courage, cleverness, and strength,
Increased by daily action,
And she gave to all about the house
The "utmost satisfaction."

At length Madame declared that cats
Were not like toys to play with,

And as one could do the duty well
One must be made away with;
The servants highly pleased at that,
The fireplace disencumber,
And drown'd the little idle puss
As being useless lumber.

A pretty face to look upon
Is better than a plain one,
But talents form our character
And we must try to gain one;
We came into this world to serve
Our neighbor, friend, or brother,
By doing many duties;—not
To look at one another.

MY HEAVENLY FATHER.

WHATEVER distress
Or want may betide,
The God of all grace
Will for me provide;
Since he from the heavens
Has taught us to say,
"Consider the ravens,"
Whenever ye pray.

They sow not, nor reap,
Nor gather in store,
Having nothing to keep,
Yet never are poor.
Since God in the heavens
Made nothing in vain,
I'll think of the ravens
And never complain.

My wants may be great,
And earthly friends few,
Yet on him I'll wait
Whatever I do;
For he in the heavens
Well knows what I need;
I know from the ravens
His children he'll feed.

I'll bow to his throne,
And never despair,
But thankfully own
His fatherly care;
To him in the heavens
I'll lift up my voice;
I'll think of the ravens,
And always rejoice.

THE BEREAVED.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

LIFT up thine eyes, afflicted soul!
From earth uplift thine eyes,
Though dark the evening shadows roll,
And daylight beauty dies;
One sun is set,—a thousand more
Their rounds of glory run,
Where science leads thee to explore
In every star a sun.

Thus when some long-loved comfort ends,
And nature would despair,
Faith to the heaven of heaven ascends
And meets ten thousand there;
First faint and small, then clear and bright,
They gladden all the gloom,
As stars, that seem but points of light,
The rank of suns assume.

ROMAN PILGRIMS.

AN old man and his daughter fair
Were bowed before a shrine,
The father with his thin gray hair,
The maiden in her prime.

Together they, 'mid storm and rain,
Had journeyed many a day,
To reach Saint Peter's ancient fane,
Within its church to pray.

With travel worn, with care oppressed,
They sought the House of Prayer,
They left it—strengthened and refreshed—
"For God had met them there."

FATHERLAND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SELWYN."

DID you ever, my young readers, in this fickle climate of ours, enjoy the luxury of drinking tea out of doors, in a shady arbor, on a thoroughly fine summer evening? If so, you will be more likely to understand the intense enjoyment of a party of young friends of mine, who one day found themselves in this enviable situation, in the garden of a beautiful villa, near the large town of Hull.

Tea, with all its accompaniments, comprising the seasonable one of strawberries and cream, was just over; when the sounds of music of some description burst suddenly in full chorus on the ear from behind the garden hedge.

The harmony, though somewhat rude, was true and full; and, softened by distance and the open air, seemed to the young hearers really like a strain from fairy land. Off bounded the young party in quest of the unseen musicians; and while the more sober took a circuitous route, the school-boys, to whom the low sweet-briar hedge was no barrier, beheld, on clearing it at a bound, a group of three strangely attired females, coming hand in hand up the approach, followed at a little distance by a pale and ragged, yet interesting little boy.

The first group (as you have already guessed) were a trio of German broom-girls, whose grotesque costume and national ditties had only very recently been introduced into England, and had never before found their way so far north as Hull. At the first glimpse of their high caps, short petticoats, and broad, good-humored faces, the boys, I am sorry to say, first stared, and then laughed outright; but in a moment half ashamed of their behavior, and anxious to be the first to report the strange sight, they ran back as fast as they came to meet the advancing party.

No sooner did their mamma perceive the poor

foreigners, to whose appearance and costume *she* was no stranger, than kindly greeting them with the salutation with which a voyage on the Rhine had made her familiar, she led the way back to the garden, where the relics of the feast would, she judged, be very welcome after their sultry walk, and make them sing all the more merrily for the amusement of the young people afterwards.

The strawberries and cream needed no interpreter to recommend them to the way-worn minstrels; whose good-humored nods and smiles of acknowledgment won their way at once to the hearts of their young entertainers; while the joyful exclamation of "*Milch!*" which burst from their lips on recognising, after long confinement on board ship, their favorite beverage, was echoed by the children with almost equal rapture, that it should so nearly resemble English!

But if the peasant girls of the Black Forest so gladly quaffed the cream, it was at the sight of the *strawberries*, that the blue eyes of the poor little ragged boy who followed them, sparkled with a delight in which even hunger (much as he seemed to

have felt it), had little share. "Virginny!" burst from his pale lips, as he eyed the rich fruit with which the kind boys of his own age had heaped his plate; and he seemed literally to gaze on it with too much fondness to be able to break the spell by beginning to eat. The good-natured broom-girls observed it, and ascribing it naturally to shyness among strangers (of which they themselves have no idea), spoke encouragingly to him in German. "Is he your brother?" asked one of the little English girls timidly. The similarity of the word "brother," to the German "*brüder*," enabled the person addressed to comprehend the question; while her hasty answer of "*Nein, nein!*" was made intelligible by the shake of the head which accompanied it. Such pantomine, however, was felt to be a very unsatisfactory way of drawing forth the information for which all the party longed; and it was with more than ordinary joy that papa's step was hailed a few minutes after, as he joined the group, on returning from an early dinner in the neighborhood.

"Oh! papa! papa! you are just come in time to help us!" exclaimed the whole circle simultaneously.

"*You* can speak German, do pray get these good girls to tell us all about themselves, and the little boy there, who seems to love strawberries too well to eat them."

Mr. Walcot, happy at once to oblige his children, and cheer the heart of the little German exiles by the sounds of what they so expressively call their "Fatherland," immediately entered into conversation with the elder girls, whose innocent volubility was proportioned to the long restraint it had experienced among strangers.

Their own simple history was soon told. Having heard of the golden harvest reaped in England by the first band of "Buy a broom" adventurers—the two sisters and a cousin had embarked in quest of a wealth, which the orphan brothers of the one, and the blind father of the others, rendered it most desirable for them to amass. Mr. Walcot, with a good-natured smile, shook his head at a mode of gain so questionable for unprotected females. But his knowledge of the simple integrity of the German peasant character convinced him that these, if any, might

safely be entrusted to native propriety and the protection of Heaven.

On his repeating the question as to the relationship of the boy who accompanied them, and of whom they took the tenderest care, he was surprised to find that he was a little stranger—of their own national blood indeed—but born on the other side of the globe; where his heart seemed still to be, when the word "America" caught his ear in the broom-girl's narrative, and proved it had evidently been left behind him. He had come, she said, destitute and forlorn to her father's door in M——, begging his way back to the seaside to return to America, his reasons for leaving which he would best tell in his own affecting language. She and her sister, who were just setting out for England, felt interested in the poor homesick wanderer, and, in a fit of charitable enthusiasm, determined to devote their first gains in that country to procuring him a passage from its shores back to the western world, and his mother, about whom he talked till their kind hearts were softened, and his own fairly like to break. "Sir!" cried the good creature exultingly, in German, to Mr.

Walcot—shaking a little leather purse, "God has prospered us already! One such week more and Carl may get a corner in a big black ship, and go again to his dear Virginia. Pity that Liverpool, as they tell us, is so far, far off! he must walk there, poor fellow, before he can find one!"

"Perhaps we may find means to save him the tramp," said Mr. Walcot kindly; "but in the meantime, my little man, you must tell us your story. Can you speak English?"

"Yes, sir," said the boy, coloring, and looking, in the inspiration of the thoughts of home which his companion's speech had conjured up, quite a different creature, "I can; for though mother can't, and keeps all with her own people, I always went to school, and played with the Rockville boys, and never spoke German but to please her and old Hans Wort, till I went to Germany, thinking to please her better still. God knows, the news I came for will make her sorry instead!"

"And did you come all alone to Germany, to get tidings for your mother of the friends she had left?"

"Oh! yes, sir!" said the boy, rather surprised at the

astonishment implied in the question. "You see, as long as father lived, she never minded so much not hearing of grandfather, and Aunt Trudchen, and Uncle Johann: though she prayed for them by name I'm sure every night, and taught me to do the same; and when any new German people came to the Alleghanies, would send me a matter of twenty miles into the bush, to see if they came from near Erbach. For long after I was born we lived close to a number of Erbach people, and mother just thought she was at home, and was merry all day long. But when I was a little boy, just able to run about and gather strawberries in the woods for the Rockville market, father grew tired of having little to do with his axe (for he was a forester in the Schwartzwald at home), and said we must leave the clearings and go into the bush. Mother cried at first a good deal, and I cried to leave Herbert, and Paul, and Claus; but we all got into a wagon, and went a great, great way, where father had plenty to cut all day long, and built us a shanty of the logs himself—he, and old Hans Wart, that would not be left behind, and lives with my mother still, now that father is dead."

"Poor woman!" exclaimed all the party—"to lose her husband in this remote place must have been a double misfortune! How came he to die?"

"He got very weak first, and could only stay half the day in the bush; and then pale and sick, and lost all his color; and for a long time could eat nothing but my strawberries, that I brought him fresh every morning. They said he had the fever; I only know he shook sadly, till the whole bed shook under him; and at last he lay quite still, and people came and took him away. Mother sat in the wagon with me on her lap, and a great ugly wooden box at her feet, and Hans Wart and a gentleman in black did all they could to comfort her, till we came to a large house with a bill on the top of it, and then, in the garden close by, they dug a hole and put the box in. Mother made me kneel, and said it was father's grave. I've been there with her twice since, and she always cried as much—but there were many other people there, and we went into the church (she called it), and heard good words in German, and she went away better."

"Poor, poor mother!" once more exclaimed the

young auditors. "I hope you were good to her, Carl —how could you find in your heart to leave her?"

"Me find in my heart!" echoed the boy—his eyes filling with tears at the picture he himself had conjured up—"If she had not put it in my head do you think I should ever have seen Erbach? But she called it always 'Fatherland;' and when she did that it put me in mind of father, and in spite of the box and the deep hole I was silly enough half to expect to see *him* there if I went. All last winter, mother sat at her fireside in the snow, with old Hans Wart and sister Guttchen, talking of Germany, and wishing she could hear something of her father and mother, and Aunt Trudchen, and Uncle Johann, and all the friends she had left at Erbach. At length she fell sick, and then she would cry, and say that one word from her 'Fatherland' would do her more good than all the stuff Hans Wart would send me to get from Rockville.

"One day when I was in the doctor's shop there, I heard a tall man, with a big riding-whip, talking like a German (though he spoke English), so I thought he must come from Erbach, and I asked him about grandpapa.

"He stared, and said he never was at Erbach in his life, but was going back next day to a place not very far from it, to tell the people there all about coming to America.

"'Take me with you, sir, if you please,' said I—'I want sadly to go to Fatherland.'

"'Fatherland!' cried he, 'are you a little German?' and the big man kissed me, and I think he cried a little, big as he was, though he wouldn't show it—'What do you want to do in Fatherland?'

"'I want to see about grandfather, and Aunt Trudchen, and Uncle Johann. Mother pines night and day to hear if they are all living—so take me with you—pray, pray do.'

"The big man laughed this time instead of crying, and said it was a proper queer notion—but he thought a little, and then took his horse out of the stable, and put me on it before him, and rode as fast as he could to mother's shanty—with the doctor's stuff (which I had quite forgot) in his pocket.

"Mother shook terribly when he came in first, and spoke to him in German—and when he asked her if she would really like to send me to Fatherland, she

kept kissing and holding me fast, as if she was afraid he would ride away with me directly. But, after a little while, she said she should dearly like to hear about Erbach, and if he would take *great* care of her Carl, and bring him safe back— As to bringing me back himself he said that he could not quite promise; but plenty of good Hamerstein people would be coming out in the spring, and would take charge of me—so mother did not object. The gentleman snatched me away out of her arms (not unkindly though), and threw the doctor's stuff and a leather bag—just like that one Meta there is dangling in her hand—on the bed, and whipped me up again on the tall horse before him."

"What a strange story," said Mr. Walcot; "it is quite like a fairy tale! Well! little knight-errant! what befel you next?"

"When we got to Dusseldorf the big man was very busy, and had hardly time to kiss me and bid me goodbye; but he said he would write to grandfather all about my going back when it was settled, and put me into a carrier's wagon for Erbach. It was not the least like the wagon we went to the bush in,

but twice as large, and full of great bundles, very hard to sit upon.

"Mother had often said grandpapa's house was in the middle of the village, with two great Linden trees in front, so I knew it at once, and went up to the door singing for joy. I knocked, and knocked, and nobody answered: at last a very cross old woman put out her head at a window, and scolded me sadly. 'Oh! grandmother!' cried I, 'don't be angry! Its little Carl come all the way from Virginny to see you.'

"'A likely story, truly!' cried the woman in a passion—'such lying young vagabonds should be put in the stocks!' and she was just going to shut the window when I cried—'Oh! granny, granny, if you won't let me in, tell me where Uncle Johann and Aunt Trudchen live.'

"'Uncle Johann and Aunt Trudchen!' said she, not quite so angrily—'Sure it can't be Carl Wender's boy from America!'

"'Oh! yes, yes,' said I; 'I am Carl Wender, and father's dead, and mother's sick, and I'm very tired and hungry, so do let me in.'

"'I will let you in, child,' said she; 'though the granny you talk of is dead and gone this many a day, and your grandfather too; however, I'll give you a night's lodging for all that.'

"'I'd rather go to Aunt Trudchen,' said I, 'if you please,' for I was frightened at her first cross voice. 'You may go back from whence you came, ungrateful imp, for me,' said she, crosser than ever, and slapping the window to; 'and then you'll likely find Aunt Trudchen and Uncle Johann, and all your generation. Thank Heaven, Erbach's clear of them!'

"'Oh! mother, mother!' thought I, 'is this Fatherland?' and I sat down and cried under the big Linden trees till morning."

"Poor, poor Carl!" said the children, some of them almost crying too—"no wonder you were glad to get back to America. But why did you come away alone?"

"Because I was tired of living with people that first stared at me like a wild beast, when they found I had come so far, and then cared no more about me; and when they told me Uncle Johann and Aunt Trudchen were gone to America, by another way, just

before I came, I wanted more than ever to be back in Virginny.

"I had a trifle in my pocket that I got from sister Guttchen's godmother, and I thought I should soon find my way to the seaside again. But I forgot I had come in a wagon, and my clothes were thin and old, and the snow came back, and I fell sick before I got half way to Dusseldorf. It was at Meta's door then, luckily, and she took me in and gave me half her breakfast, and brought me here all the way in the ship, and she says she is gathering money to send me back to mother. Oh! sir, sir, is it far from England to Virginny?"

"A long way, my child," said good Mr. Walcot, "but we will do our best to shorten it. Two days hence I am going across the country to Liverpool, in a coach with four horses, that travels like the wind. You shall go with me in it, and if you are fortunate, you may see your mother yet before the summer is over."

The leave-taking between Carl and the broom-girls was very affecting; and Mrs. Walcot contrived to shorten it by taking from her work-basket in the

arbor a strong dark silk purse, and emptying into it the contents of Meta's dirty leather bag, along with fully as much more of the children's eagerly proffered shillings and sixpences. Loaded with these and all the fragments of the feast, the grateful broom-girls departed for the nearest village, after singing over their whole stock of national ballads,—all of which by-the-bye, they had carefully taught Carl, to enliven his mother's lone fireside, and put her in mind of her "Fatherland."

Mr. Walcot was as good as his word. The next day but one saw Carl, decently equipped from the young gentlemen's discarded wardrobe, with a German Bible from the library for his mother in the one pocket, and a pruning-knife for Hans Wart, and a packet of needles for Guttchen, in the other, seated on the top of the coach for Liverpool. Two days more saw him deposited, with a plentiful wallet of clothes and a small store of dollars, in an American vessel, under the especial charge of an English gentleman going out to Illinois, who promised to drop him, in crossing the Alleghanies, at the very door of his mother's log-house.

But the connexion did not drop there. Carl had, during the voyage, won the heart of his new protector, and he is now a successful cultivator on that gentleman's flourishing estate. His mother, accompanied by Aunt Trudchen and Uncle Johann, Hans Wart, and Guttchen, and all, has moved once more still further to the west; and when she thinks, as she still does with a sigh, of the perils and anxieties of Carl's boyish trip to her Fatherland, feels, thus surrounded by so many of her dear kindred, as if he had brought the blessing across the Atlantic with him.

CONTRADICTION.

TO contradict is always rude,
Whate'er the matter be;
Besides, it should be understood,
That thoughts to all are free.

If we our own opinion have,
Let others have one too;
And many quarrels it would save,
If all were so to do.

But children never should pretend,
In cases e'er so light,
To contradict a wiser friend,
Pretending to be right.

Then never let your childish tongue
In such a cause engage;
Submit, and listen while you're young,
That you may speak in age.

A MINUTE.

A MINUTE, how soon it is flown!
And yet how important it is!
God calls every moment his own,
For all our existence is his:
And though we may waste them in folly and play,
He notices each that we squander away.
Why should we a minute despise,
Because it so quickly is o'er?
We know that it rapidly flies,
And therefore should prize it the more:
Another indeed may appear in its stead,
But that precious moment for ever is fled.

'Tis easy to squander our years,
In idleness, folly, and strife;
But oh! no repentance or tears,
Can bring back one moment of life;

But time if well spent and improved as it goes,
Will render life pleasant, and peaceful its close.
And when all the minutes are past,
Which God for our portion has given,
We shall cheerfully welcome the last,
If it safely conduct us to heaven:
And oh! may we all the necessity see,
Not knowing how near our last moment may be.

EFFECTS OF ONE BAD HABIT.

MR. UPTON, of Cambridge was the son of a poor, industrious cobbler. He learned his father's trade, and being prudent and steady, he was soon in the way of making a comfortable little fortune. He was surrounded with an affectionate and happy family, all striving to render home a place of pleasure and enjoyment. Things were in this state, at the commencement of the war between England and America, commonly called the Revolutionary war.

Then Mr. Upton felt it his duty to join the army. To leave a place where he had enjoyed so many happy hours, was indeed a severe trial to the honest man; but his family must be defended. He therefore buckled on his sword, and without shedding a tear, hurried to the camp. His courage, and good conduct, were

soon noticed by the officers, and he was made one of Washington's life-guard. Like every one else, who knew that great and good man, he soon loved him with unbounded attachment.

While General Washington had his headquarters at Cambridge, it was frequently necessary for detachments of the army, to make excursions into the neighboring towns. On one of these occasions, Washington and his life-guard were pursued by a company of British soldiers. They retreated as rapidly as possible, but the English being close upon their rear, they were often obliged to turn and fight.

In the midst of the retreat, an Englishman had just lifted his sword above the head of the General, when Mr. Upton sprang forward, and placed his body between him and his commander. The sword descended upon his thigh, and crippled him for life. After they had effected their return to the American camp, Washington called to inquire concerning the man who had so generously preserved his life at the risk of his own.

"Thanks to heaven, my General, that your life is saved," exclaimed the soldier, "America could lose

such a man as I am, but what could she do without your Excellency?" His wound disabled him for battle; but he continued to perform various offices for his country, until the close of the war. After seeing his country in the possession of peace and freedom, he returned to his home. But that home was almost desolate and comfortless.

No one had been left to cultivate his small farm, and what little stock he possessed, had been killed for the use of the army. America was then too poor to pay her soldiers for what they had lost and suffered; and Mr. Upton was obliged to contend with poverty as he could. His hard-earned bread, however, was sweetened with the respect which was everywhere paid him.

When he went forth to labor, he was always hailed with welcome looks, and a cordial shake of the hand; and even the boys would call out to each other—"Off with your hat and make a bow—for there is the man who saved General Washington." If any consideration could compensate for the loss of a limb, it was the sweet reflection that he had lost it in the performance of so honorable an act.

Often would his neighbors say, "Mr. Upton, the loss of your limb in such a cause, is a greater honor to you, than if you had King George's crown on your head." In speaking on the subject, he was generally much affected; and with tears in his eyes he would often say, "The Lord make us thankful that it saved the General's life. We could have done but little against the British legions, had not his wisdom been at the helm."

Now, my young readers, this was in 1784, which you all ought to remember was the year after Great Britain acknowledged the Independence of America: and can you believe, that only four years after this, General Washington requested an interview with Mr. Upton, and he was ashamed to comply with it? Yes: the man whose bravery had saved his General; whose integrity won the respect of his neighbors; whose kindness had insured him an affectionate family,—gave way to the sin of intemperance.

When Washington visited New England, he sent a servant to request a visit from his old preserver. The wretched man heard the summons, and wept aloud. "Heaven knows," said he, "that in my best

days, I would have walked to the Mississippi for the honor which Washington now pays me. But I cannot—I cannot carry this shameful face into his presence. Tell General Washington that my love and gratitude will ever follow him."

If ever my young readers should be tempted to persevere in any *one* thing, which they know to be wrong, let them remember that *one* bad habit changed Mr. Upton from a brave soldier and respected citizen, into a worthless and neglected sot; procured for him the contempt of those who once esteemed him; the fear and distrust of his family; the sorrowful disapprobation of his General; and finally broke his heart with shame and remorse.

THE CHILDREN'S BALL.

BY MRS. ABDY.

BRILLIANT and gay was the lighted hall,
'Twas the night of an infant festival,
There were sylph-like forms in the mazy dance,
And there were the tutored step and glance,
And the gay attire, and the hopes and fears
That might well bespeak maturer years;
The sight might to common eyes seem glad,
But I own that it made my spirit sad.

I saw not in all that festive scene,
The cloudless brow, and the careless mien,
But Vanity sought the stranger's gaze,
And Envy shrunk from another's praise,
And Pride repelled with disdainful eye,
The once-loved playmate of days gone by.
Alas! that feelings so far from mild,
Should find place in the breast of a little child.

And how, thought I, at the morrow's rise,
Will these fair young sleepers ope their eyes,
Will their smiles the freshness of morning speak,
And the roses of health suffuse their cheek?
No—with a wearied mind and look,
They will turn from the pencil, the globe, and book,
A longing and feverish glance to cast
On the joys and the pains of the evening past.

Parents! 'tis all too soon to press
The glittering fetters of worldliness
On those tender years, to which belong
The merry sport, and the bird-like song;
What fruit can the trees of autumn bring,
If the fragile blossoms be nipt in spring?
Such stores will the summer of life impart,
If ye spoil the bloom of the infant heart!

KIND BEHAVIOR.

THE BEST WAY TO SUBDUE ENEMIES.

LITTLE DANIEL was extremely fond of his father and mother, and was still more tenderly beloved by them; all their relations wished their children to seek his intimacy, in the hopes that they would become as good as he was, by associating with him. There was also a little boy of the name of David, residing in the same neighborhood, and who was as mischievous as Daniel was good. It was his delight to beat every child that was not so strong as himself, and to make game of the poor instead of assisting them. Nor were these his only bad qualities.

One day, he was severely punished for having told a falsehood. His father told him that there could not be a more despicable crime; adding, "And you are the more to blame, as you have had so good an

example in Daniel, from whose behavior you ought to model your own." David, extremely provoked to hear Daniel praised at his expense, resolved to be revenged on him the first time he met with him. It happened that Daniel had a beautiful little ship given to him, which he was for the first time then going to sail.

Just as he was in the act of launching it off into the water, the sly and envious David came softly behind him, and pushed him into the water, and then ran away. Fortunately, the pond was not deep, so that Daniel was no otherwise hurt, than being entirely wet through, while David, frightened at what he had done, dared not go home till the evening, and then he slunk into the house like a wicked, guilty coward. Daniel's friends hastened to David's father, to tell him how basely his son had acted; David was, in consequence, sent supperless to bed, and would have been severely whipped, into the bargain, had not Daniel begged him off.

This proof of his forgiving temper, made so lively an impression on David, that he, from that moment, felt something like affection for him, and could not

help acknowledging to himself, that he was at all events much less inclined to bear malice than he had ever been. This conviction led him first to esteem, and then to love him; and as they became daily more intimate, he had the more frequent opportunities of discovering his good qualities, till at last he resolved to make him his model, in hopes of being equally respected and beloved.

Actuated by such generous emulation, they soon became inseparable friends, and only disputed who should be most zealous in the discharge of their various duties. This striking alteration in David, did not pass unnoticed by his friends, whose good-will and esteem he consequently soon recovered; their praises encouraged him to persevere, which he did, and with such credit and success, that at the end of one year, not one of his acquaintances or friends recollected how wicked he used formerly to be.

Grateful to his young friend, David anxiously watched for an opportunity of making amends for his former ill-nature; and chance at length put it in his power. One day, when they were working together in a garden, a mad dog burst through the hedge, and

flew at Daniel's legs. David, with admirable presence of mind, seeing the danger of his friend, caught up the spade, and before the foaming animal's teeth had pierced through Daniel's trousers, he stunned him by a blow on the head.

WESTERN TRAVELLERS.

ABOUT the middle of December last, two men, travelling from St. Louis to the northwestern part of Missouri, fell in with another traveller, named Jones, who was journeying towards his residence, which was about fifty miles this side of the destination of the other two. The air became more raw and chill, as they proceeded northward, and the snow fell in considerable quantities at intervals.

When within about two days' journey of their home, the cold set in most intensely, the wind rose in all its fury, and beneath its howling blast the sturdy trees of the forest bent like the slender ozier, and the limbs, hurled from their trunks, were scattered on the ground; the fleecy flakes of snow were thickly twirled through the murky atmosphere, and "clouds were piled on clouds' majestic darkness," till

not a speck of blue was discernible on the face of heaven, and day put on the appearance of gloomy night.

Unable to proceed on horseback, through the meeting of the trees that crashed together above their heads, they dismounted, and on foot pursued their doubtful way through the darkened forest, unable to discover the path, as the snow had entirely covered it. Scarcely able to endure the cold, Jones was disposed frequently to lie down, and commit himself to the care of Providence, but was prevented by the others, as the numbness and torpor, and disposition to sleep, had not yet taken possession of them.

At length, finding him unable to speak, and his whole power of body overcome as it were by sleep, and judging by their own feelings that the like must soon come upon them, they determined to leave him and endeavor if possible to make their way to some habitation. Night was just setting in, and death in its most appalling form stared them in the face. Surrounded with all the horrors of darkness and solitude, they continued their hopeless way, through brambles

and low underwood, for some distance, till their ears caught the welcome sound of a cow-bell.

The wind, whistling as if it were from the four corners of heaven, prevented them from ascertaining whence it proceeded. However, after sometime, they observed a light from a little hut; that, together with the sheep cot and stable attached to it, was the only mark of civilization for several miles in this dreary solitude. "We approached," said the narrator, "and knocked at the door. A quick nimble step, was the only answer, and the door immediately opened.

"A female appeared, and at first exhibited considerable surprise, starting back a few paces, but immediately advanced and invited us in. Our necessities were eagerly, and with the utmost pleasure attended to by the family, which consisted of the wife, two sons, and as many daughters. When, by the fire and other means resorted to by the family, we had recovered sufficiently the power of speech we informed them of the distressing situation in which we had left a fellow traveller, about a mile back, as we supposed.

"From their conversation, I had learned that their father was expected that day from St. Charles, whi-

ther he had gone on buisness. We readily perceived from the countenances of the family that they entertained a fearful conjecture who the traveller might be. We wished to accompany the two young men, who immediately prepared to set out for the unfortunate sufferer, but they refused inasmuch as we were scarcely able to walk, and would necessarily detain them, and could give them very little assistance towards finding the place, as from the drifting of the snow in heaps, we could not be able to distinguish the way we had come.

"They called their sheep-dogs and lighted a flambeau each, and taking some blankets in which to wrap his body, started after him. After the sons had started, we noticed particularly, the uneasiness of the affectionate wife. At every little interval she would open the door, and look to see if her sons were coming. One of us put our hand on the mantel on which were piled some books, and taking down a small pocket Bible, we noticed written on one of the blank leaves, 'Joshua Jones.'

"We both agreed that he undoubtedly was the sufferer whom we had left behind; yet we mentioned

not our impressions to the family. We were invited to partake of a repast that had been hastened on our account. As we were about sitting down, the lady went to the door, and seeing her sons advance with the body, recognised the features by the glare of the torches, uttered a shriek, and fell on the floor. He was brought in and laid on a bed before the fire, and friction, and fomentation with hot liquor, and, in fine everything was tried to restore him, but to no purpose.

"The mortal numbness had seized his body; the chill of death had frozen his vitals; the heart was stagnant, and to beat no more. The voice of lamentation filled the house. The loving wife and daughters mingled their distressing wailings; and the manly nature of the sons, which supported them while there was any hope of restoration, and enabled them calmly to use every means in their power for their father's recovery, sunk under their weight of woe, and they wept aloud.

"We endeavored to calm the agitation and sorrow of the distressed family; and though they 'sorrowed not like those without hope,' yet their grief was violent;

and though the hour was late when they retired to rest, yet the sobs that ever and anon broke the silence of the night, indicated the absence of repose from the eyelids of the afflicted. We watched the corpse till morning, which was as calm and beautiful as the day previous had been tempestuous and terrible, and fitly represented the calm and glorious beauties of that eternal world to which the traveller, wearied with the storms and hurricanes of this world had gone to dwell for ever.

"In the evening the corpse was interred, in one corner of the garden that lay before the house, in all the solemnity of silent, weeping woe, with the happy assurance of its participating in the resurrection of the just, when mortal shall put on immortality, and death be swallowed up in victory. On the following morning we left the disconsolate family, who would have gladly detained us, as grief finds always a partial relief in the sincere condolence even of strangers."

A CAT AND KITTEN CORRESPONDENCE.

In these days, when the March of Intellect is making such rapid strides, it will excite but little surprise to find that cats have turned authors; with what success we leave our young readers to judge from the following correspondence. It was discovered in a wood-house in S———, and though doubtless never intended by the writers for the public eye, it affords such an interesting picture of their manners and habits, and gives us so favorable an opinion of their epistolary powers, that we have great pleasure in presenting our young friends with an exact copy of this filial correspondence:—

LETTER I.

FROM JERRY TO TOM.

THOUGH kittens in these days do not often write
I cannot resist the temptation to-night
To tell you, dear Tom, how I'm charmed with your letter,
Not Whittington's cat could have written a better;

That you are a kitten of genius is plan,
Since both reason and rhyme you produce from your brain,
And your style is so fluent, your humor so sly,
I laughed till the tears trickled down from my eye;
So I hope soon again to the wood-house you'll creep,
When the rest of the world are all buried in sleep:
When the housekeeper Mary can't grudge you a pen,
And just send me your thoughts upon manners and men.
You may judge my surprise, when I heard that our mother.
Had presented us all with a new little brother.
I hope, my dear Tom, though her son is no beauty,
It will be your endeavor to teach him his duty,
And especially press on his mind this great truth
"That reverence for age is most lovely in youth."
By the by, I've a message to send to our mother,
Respecting (pray what is his name?) our young brother;
This house, ('tis a fact,) is infested with mice,
And they not only eat up whatever is nice
But so shamefully bold are these impudent vermin,
They have actually eaten an excellent sermon;

And my master declares though an orthodox mouse,
He is not a fit guest for a clerical house.
I must therefore entreat you will give no denial
To my earnest request for our brother (on trial.)
The case you'll allow is most seriously pressing;
My labors indeed are most truly distressing.
Were these orthodox nibbles confined but to one day,
And for that day they'd choose not our regular Sunday,
We might not complain—but when each one agrees
To desert his own food, candles, bacon, and cheese,
'Tis a sad dereliction from taste and good breeding,
An utter mistake in the science of feeding;
And I never could learn they behaved with decorum,
When they had all this learning and wisdom before 'em.
But the sermon afforded for wit as much scandal
As if they'd been nibbling the end of a candle,
So I beg you will not lose a moment or minute
In sending a hamper, our dear brother in it.
I hope this will find you quite merry and hearty:
My compliments give to the rest of your party.

JERRY.

LETTER II.

FROM TOM TO JERRY.

My dearest of brothers it grieves me to find
My silence to you has appeared so unkind;
Believe me, it's been from no want of affection,
But simply that I did not know your direction.
The letters you sent gave us all so much pleasure,
We hope to be favored again when you've leisure;
The first, so unlooked-for, delighted us all,
Our party assembled—I read in the Hall;
Our mother, so noted for good sense and learning,
Stroked down her long whiskers, and said it was charming.
Both she and my brother quite laughed till they cried,
And I, till I had a bad pain in my side.
You have said that you hope I will teach our young brother
With other good things, much to rev'rence his mother,
But alas! my dear friend, I am sorry to say
I fear my good counsels are quite thrown away;
For indeed it's a fact that I cannot deny,
Or that you'll scarcely credit—if I were to try

To impress on his mind the advice sent by you,
He would turn on his tail and say nothing but *Mew!*
With our mother's tail now not contented to play,
He finds new amusement for every day.
Sometimes on the rug, when she's taking a nap,
He comes softly, and on her nose gives her a tap,
Or jumps over her back, or else twitches her ear;
With other tricks too, by the dozen as queer.
Your letter arrived on the night of last Sunday,
But my brother was ignorant of it until Monday,
For I thought if he knew he had so far to roam
From his mother, his friends, and his dear little home,
He would spend all the night long in sighing and weeping,
And the depth of his sorrow would keep him from sleeping.
Thinking this, my dear friend, you may judge my surprise,
When I saw not one tear trickle down from his eyes,
And far from appearing to feel any sorrow,
He said, "I'll be ready to set off to-morrow."
He's a cat of some pride, as he said, "for my part
I think it beneath me to go in a cart.

For a kitten like me, I declare by my tail,
'Twould be much the genteelest to travel by mail."
Adieu, my dear brother, I'm hurried for time,
And I really am tired with this scribbling in rhyme.
Once more then, adieu, and with love from my mother,
Believe me, your very affectionate brother,

TOM.

LETTER III.

FROM JERRY TO FRISK.

My dear little brother, I'm told you've consented
To desert the dear home, you so long have frequented;
The kittens with whom you've so playfully gambolled,
The walks around which you so often have rambled,
Our mother, whose tail in its flirting and whisking
Has afforded such treats to your frolics and frisking.
All, all are resigned, not a mew has been heard,
To tell of the pangs which no doubt have occurred,
When you've thought of the scenes you're so soon to
be quitting,
Oh, thou'rt truly surnamed a magnanimous kitten!
From thy soft furry breast never heaving a sigh,
Not a tear-drop bedimming thy keen glancing eye.

Who ever could dream that such virtue as that
Could be found in the breast of a Leicestershire cat?
Without hesitation I bid you nought fear,
In this house you will always find plentiful cheer,
For your food I can promise you all that is nice,
Dishes made of the brains and the tails of young mice,
Most capital eating, I hear you declare,
And better by far than a partridge or hare.
The mice run in numbers by scores and by dozens,
Sires, grandsires, and children, and a host of young cousins.
In the parlor they're bold, in the pantry they're bolder,
In the bedrooms they terrify every beholder;
Cheese, butter, meat, bread, aye and also the brawn,
Their teeth make no mumbling at even the horn;
In the pantry they've eaten the fine-flavored cheese,
In the garden devoured all the choice early peas;
And though nightly are set, trap, and pit-fall and gin,
Not a mouse condescends to entrap himself in;
So come eat and drink, and live happy and merry,
Is the last line that's penned, by

Your faithful friend,

JERRY.

LETTER IV.

FROM TABBY TO HER SON FRISK.

Alas! my dear son, how it grieves me to find
That with you it is true, "out of sight out of mind;"
Can a mother believe 'tis a fortnight or more
Since you left your loved home other scenes to explore;
That a fortnight has passed since from Leicester you went,
And yet not one line of remembrance have sent!
Has absence then dulled all your kind recollections
Of home and of childhood, of hopes and affections:
Can it be that your heart is less warm or less true
Than when you first uttered your infantine *mew?*
How little I thought when I gazed on your face,
When I pressed you, dear Frisk, in my parting embrace,
When with fondest affection I gave my last kiss,
I should have to complain of neglect such as this!
Have you no recollection, dear Kit, of your mother,
No kindly affection for Tommy, your brother;

Unlike you, he and I talk about you all day,
And laugh when we think of the tricks you would play.
You forget your poor mother, grown gray and grown old,
For the new friends and playmates you've met with at Wold.
One duty, however, I've got to pursue,
And then, my dear son, I must bid you adieu;
One word of advice, tho' the tear dims my eye,
I shall venture to give to my son ere I die;—
I am told in your master you've found a kind friend,
Yet remember that much on yourself must depend;
Show a proper decorum in all that you do,
And never at reading or prayers give a mew;
Never leap on the chairs, never dirty the house,
Even though it should be in pursuit of a mouse.
If kicked or if pushed on the rug as you lie,
Never put out your claws or your betters defy;
Give a soft gentle purr, give your whiskers a lick,
To show that no anger you bear for the kick.
You well may imagine, my dear little son,
I am anxious to hear of the deeds you have done,

Of the rats you have frightened, the mice you have slain,
And if you've been able from theft to refrain—
Never entered the larder, nor licked up the cream,
Which I hope you're aware very greedy would seem;
But in seeking for mice should endeavor to show
'Tis a duty that you to society owe.
By your conduct, I wish that your friends should acknowledge
You have picked up your learning at school or at college.
But, alas! what is strength, a mere flash in the pan,
And cats have but fallen, as falleth a man.

But time's creeping on, and my eyes 'gin to fail,
I have rubbed them in vain with the tip of my tail,
But the effort is useless they're not any better,
And therefore, dear Frisk, I must finish my letter;
My joints too are stiff, and my hair is grown gray,
All symptoms, I fear, of approaching decay.
Let the words then I've written have proper effect,
Nor let me for long a long letter expect.

TABBY.

THE BEREAVED SISTER.

IN the spring of 1824, I contracted an acquaintance in one of the cities of the south, with a gentleman who had removed from England to this country with two small children, the one a boy of ten years, the other a girl of nine years of age. These children were the most lovely beings I ever saw. Their extreme beauty, their deep and artless affection, and their frequent bursts of childish and innocent mirth, made them as dear to me as if I had been the companion of their infancy.

They were happy in themselves, happy in each other, and in the whole world of life and nature around them. I had known the family but a few months, when my friend was compelled to make a sudden and unexpected voyage to South America. His feelings were embittered by the thoughts of leaving his motherless children behind him; and as I was

on the point of embarking for Liverpool, I promised to take them to their friends and relations.

My departure was delayed two weeks. During that period, I lived under the same roof with the little ones that had been consigned to my charge. For a few days they were pensive, and made frequent inquiries for their absent father; but their sorrows were easily assuaged, and regret for his absence changed into pleasant anticipation of his return. The ordinary sorrows of childhood are but dews upon the eagle's plumage, which vanish at the moment the proud bird springs upwards into the air to woo the beautiful flashes of the morning.

The day of our departure at last arrived, and we set sail on a quiet afternoon of summer. It was a scene of beauty, and my heart fluttered as wildly and joyously as the wing of a young bird in spring time. It seemed as if "man's control had stopped with the shore" that was retreating behind us, and left the world of waters to give back the blue of the upper skies as purely and peacefully as at the first holy Sabbath of creation.

The distant hills bent their pale blue tops to the

waters, and as the great sun, like the image of his Creator, sunk down in the west, successive shadows of gold, and crimson, and purple came floating over the waves, like barks from a fairy land. My young companions gazed on those scenes steadily and silently, and when the last tints of the dim shore were melting into shadow, they took each other's hand, and a few natural tears gushed forth as an adieu to the land they had loved.

Soon after sunset, I persuaded my little friends to let me lead them to the cabin, and then returned to look out upon the ocean. In about half an hour, as I was standing musingly apart, I felt my hand gently pressed, and on turning around, saw that the girl had stolen alone to my side. In a few moments, the evening star began to twinkle from the edging of a violet cloud. At first, it gleamed faintly and at intervals, but anon it came brightly out, and shone like a holy thing upon the brow of the evening.

The girl at my side gazed upon it, and hailed it with a tone which told that a thought of rapture was at her heart. She inquired with simplicity and eagerness, whether, in the fair land to which we were

going, that same bright star would be visible; and seemed to regard it as another friend, that was to be with her in her long and lonely journey.

The first week of our voyage was unattended by any important incident. The sea was, at times, wild and stormy, but again it would sink to repose, and spread itself out in beauty to the verge of the horizon. On the eighth day the boy arose pale and dejected, and complained of indisposition. On the following morning he was confined by a fever to his bed, and much doubt was expressed as to his fate by the physician of the vessel.

I can never forget the look of agony, the look of utter woe, that appeared upon the face of the little girl, when the conviction of her brother's danger came slowly home upon her thoughts. She wept not; she complained not; but hour after hour she sat by the bed of the young sufferer—an image of grief and beautiful affection. The boy became daily more feeble and emaciated. He could not return the long and burning caresses of his sister; and at last a faint heaving of his breast, and the eloquence of his half closed eye, and a flush at intervals, upon his wasted

cheek, like the first violet tint of a morning cloud, were all that told he had not yet passed "the dark day of nothingness."

The twelfth evening of our absence from land was the most beautiful I had ever known, and I persuaded the girl to go for a short time upon deck, that her own fevered brow might be fanned by the twilight breeze. The sun had gone down in glory, and the traces of his blood-red setting, were still visible upon the western waters. Slowly, but brilliantly, the many stars were gathering themselves together above, and another sky swelled out in softened beauty beneath, and the foam upon the crests of the waves were lighted up like wreaths of snow. There was music in every wave, and its wild, sweet tones came floating down from the fluttering pennon above us, like the sound of a gentle wind amid a cypress grove.

But neither music nor beauty had a spell for the heart of my little friend. I talked to her of the glories of the sky and sea—I pointed to her the star on which she had always loved to look—but her only answer was a sigh—and I returned with her to the bedside of her brother. I perceived instantly that he

was dying. There was no visible struggle—but the film was creeping over his eye, and the hectic flush of his cheek was fast deepening into purple. I know not whether, at first, his sister perceived the change in his appearance; she took her seat at his side, pressed his pale lips to her own, and then, as usual, let her melancholy eye rest fixedly upon his countenance.

Suddenly his looks brightened for a moment, and he spoke his sister's name. She replied with a passionate caress, and looked up to my face as if to implore encouragement. I knew that her hopes were but a mockery. A moment more, and a convulsive quiver passed over the lips of the dying boy—a slight shudder ran through his frame—and all was still. The girl knew, as if intuitively, that her brother was dead. She sat in tearless silence—but I saw that the waters of bitterness were gathering fearfully at their fountain. At last she raised her hands with a sudden effort, and pressing them upon her forehead, wept with the uncontrollable agony of despair.

On the next day the corse of the dead boy was committed to the waves. The little girl knew that it must be so, but she strove to drive the thought

away, as if it had been an unreal and terrible vision. When the appointed hour was at hand, she came and begged me, with a tone that seemed less like a human voice than the low cadence of a disembodied and melancholy spirit, to go and look upon her brother and see if he was indeed dead.

I could not resist her entreaties, but went with her to gaze upon the sleeping dust, to which all the tendrils of her life seemed bound. She paused by the bedside, and I almost deemed that her very existence would pass off in that long, fixed gaze. She moved not—she spoke not—till the form she loved was taken away to be let down into the ocean. Then indeed she arose, and followed her lifeless brother, with a calmness that might have been from heaven. The body sunk slowly and solemnly beneath the waves; a few long, bright ringlets streamed out upon the waters, a single white and beautiful glimpse came up through the glancing billows, and all that had once been joy and beauty, vanished for ever.

During the short residue of our voyage, the bereaved sister seemed fading away, and beautiful as a cloud in a summer zenith. Her heart had lost its communion

with nature, and she would look down into the sea, and murmur incoherently of its cold and solitary depths, and call her brother's name, and then weep herself into calmness.

Soon afterward I left her with her friends. I know not whether she is still a blossom of the earth, or whether she has long since gone to be nurtured in a holier realm. But I love the memory of that beautiful and stricken one. Her loveliness, her innocence, and her deep and holy feelings, still come back to me in their glory and quietude, like a rainbow, or a summer cloud, that has showered and passed off for ever.

LINES

WRITTEN AS A TRIBUTE OF A FRIEND, TO THE MEMORY OF A SWEET LITTLE GIRL.

WHEN last I heard thy dulcet voice,
Sweet child of mirth and song,
I thought life's bright and sunny day
With thee might yet be long:
I dreamt not that the time could be
When I should o'er thee weep,
That death should o'er thy playful form
His lasting vigils keep.

I've seen thee in thy joyous hours,
Like some fair spirit glide—
And watched the shade of pensive thought,
While musing at my side:
Yet still where'er thou wast or went,
A grace and sweetness shone—

A gentle bearing crowned each act,
A kindness all thine own.

And what if form, and face, and mien
Did not in thee unite—
In mind, a beauteous dawn appeared,
It spoke a radiant light:
There was a spell about thee, child—
A magic o'er thee cast;
To see thee, was to love thee still—
To love thee till the last.

But all the love, and hope, and joy,
Thus treasured up in thee,
Have fled, as (soon or late) our dreams
Of earthly bliss must flee:
The autumn winds have o'er thee passed,
E'en in thy blooming hour,
And perished are thy sweets from earth—
Thou fair and fragrant flower.

And I—should life and health remain—
When summer months draw nigh,

Shall miss the music of thy voice,
The lustre of thine eye;
Shall miss thee in the garden walk,
Where thy light footsteps strayed—
And on the lawn with verdure crowned
Where thou so oft hast played.

Ah!—Yes, 'tis past, and I shall see
That cherub smile no more;
And with thy stricken parent's love,
I must thy loss deplore.
But HE, who gives and takes at will—
By whom *thy light* was given—
In perfect wisdom called thee hence,
To dwell with Him in heaven.

THE LISTENER.

CHARLOTTE had a constant desire to hear what everybody was saying, and she was so mean as to listen at doors, and hide herself, that she might have an opportunity of discovering things that were not intended for her to know.

Her mother often told her, that a listener is almost as bad as a thief. A thief steals money, or property that belongs to other people; and a listener steals the secrets of others. All persons who are in the habit of listening, make themselves appear mean and contemptible, and deserve to be despised and punished.

When her father and mother wished to have any conversation, which they did not wish her to hear, they sent Charlotte out of the room; but she would remain at the door listening. Once when she was listening at the door, with her ear close to the key-hole, one of her curls got entangled in the key, and

when her father suddenly opened the door, she was pulled forward into the room, and her nose so much hurt that it bled.

When she knew that her mother had visiters in the parlor, or that her father had gentlemen there on business, she would quit her lessons, or her playthings, and creep softly down stairs, and listen at the door; or would slip into the garden, and crouch down under the open window, that she might hear what they were saying.

Once when she was stooping half double under the parlor window, her father, not knowing she was there, finding a fly in a glass of beer that he was about to drink, went to the window to throw it out, and emptied the whole of it on Charlotte's head.

One evening, when she had been sent to her bed, she heard the door-bell ring, and the voices of a gentleman and lady who had come to visit her father and mother. After awhile, her curiosity to hear the conversation became so great, that she got up, intending to listen at the parlor door. As she stole down stairs, barefoot, and in the dark, holding by the banisters, she fell over a bucket of water, which the chamber-

maid had left on the landing, while she went to get the pitchers to fill them for the night.

The bucket and Charlotte rolled down stairs together, and so great was the noise, that every one in the house, even the visiters, ran into the entry to see what was the matter. She was wet all over in the fall, and very much hurt, and she had to confess that she was coming down stairs to listen, when she fell over the bucket.

At another time, when she heard her mother say that she expected two ladies at three o'clock on particular business, Charlotte went into the front parlor before the time of their arrival, and hid herself under a large lolling-chair. Here she lay until the ladies arrived, and her mother came down to them. A dog, belonging to one of the ladies, ran directly to the chair, and began to snuff, and scratch, as if he had found something.

The lady said, "I think Carlo must have scented a cat under the chair." Charlotte's mother went directly to the chair, but before she reached it, the dog had lifted the curtain with his nose, and discovered the girl; who, overcome with shame and confusion,

hid her face with her hands. Her mother, calling one of the maids, desired her to take Charlotte, and lock her up in a back chamber for the rest of the day.

She continued this practice, till one evening, when the servants having some company in the kitchen, she was very anxious to know what they were talking about. She thought she would hide herself on the landing of the cellar stairs, and as there was a large crack in the door, she could hear all that was said. She accordingly took her place, and seated herself on a log of wood which happened to be there. After listening to the conversation for some time, she fell asleep; and when the company retired, the servants, not knowing that any one was there, locked the door and went to bed.

After dozing awhile, she lost her balance, and fell headlong down the stairs, and the log after her, with a noise that alarmed all the house. The terrified parents and servants immediately ran down to ascertain the cause of the disturbance, when, to their astonishment, they found Charlotte at the bottom of the cellar stairs, covered with blood, and apparently lifeless.

She was taken up, and soon revived, but she was found to be very much hurt. Her bruises were dressed, and after several weeks she recovered. After this, she was never known to be guilty of the mean, and dangerous trick of listening.*

* This trick is sometimes called eaves-dropping.

THE CLOUD.

SHELLEY.

I BRING fresh showers, for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shades for the leaves, when laid
In their noonday dreams.

I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under;
And then again I dissolve in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.

PICKERSGILL R.A. S.E.a.R.A.N.

Meditation.

MEDITATION.

I HAVE been lonely, even from a child;
Though bound with sweet ties to a happy home,
With all life's sacred charities around me;
I have been lonely—for my soul had thirst
The waters of this world could not assuage;
I found them bitter, and I had high dreams,
And strange imaginations—yea, I lived
Amid my own creations; and a world
Of many hopes and raptures was within me,
Such as I could not tell of; for I knew
Such feelings could not bear a sympathy;
They were too sacred to admit communion,
Too blest to need it—to the fields and woods
Did my heart's fulness pour them; solitude
Was the expansion of my secret visions,
When I could ask my soul to tell me all,

And many a bright and blessed reverie
Hath cheered my wanderings.—I have heard sweet
music
In my own thoughts, mysterious harmonies
Felt, but not understood: vague, happy musings,
And shadowy sketches of my future fate,
In young and glowing colors.

THE FAWN.

EDMUND and his sister Clara were on a visit to their uncle's, who lived in a very remote part of the country, on a large farm. The children, who had never before been so far from the city, were delighted to play in the meadows and orchards, and to climb the rocks, and ramble through the woods, in company with their cousin Philip, who was a little older than Edmund.

One day they heard their aunt say that she wanted some fox-grapes to make jelly; and they recollected having seen a great many in the woods about two miles off. They offered to go and gather a large quantity for her; and as the baskets would be too heavy for them to carry so far, their uncle said he would let them take the light wagon when they went for the grapes.

Philip allowed Edmund to help him harness the

horse, and lifting Clara into the back seat of the wagon, with a pile of baskets before her, the boys placed themselves on the front seat, and they set off in high spirits.

They soon came to the place where they had seen the fox-grapes so abundant. It was a sort of opening in the forest, where the surrounding trees were completely covered with vines that ascended to their highest branches, and also ran along the ground, so as to form a close thicket.

These vines were loaded with large bunches of fine, ripe, purple grapes, in such profusion, that barrels full might have been gathered in a short time. The children got out of the wagon, and proceeded industriously to the business of picking the grapes, and filling their baskets with them. It must, however, be supposed that they ate some as they went on.

They were talking and laughing very merrily when they saw the vines, that were low on the ground, begin to move. Clara screamed out that a panther must be hidden under them; and the boys, to keep her safe, put her into the wagon until they could discover what it really was.

Each then armed himself with a club, and advanced to the place where they had seen the shaking of the vine-leaves. Clara was very much frightened, and begged the boys to let the panther alone, and to jump into the wagon and drive home. The boys, however, would not listen to her; and presently the head of an innocent little fawn came out from the vine-leaves.

"There, Clara," exclaimed Philip, "there is the object of terror! Only a pretty little fawn, that I suppose has strayed away from its mother." Clara immediately jumped out of the wagon to look at the fawn, and found it entangled in the twisting vine-branches.

"Oh, Philip! oh, Edmund!" said she, "do let us take this dear, sweet creature home with us; we shall have no trouble in catching it, for the branches are holding it fast for us. What a charming plaything it will be! I love it dearly, already."

Edmund was delighted with the idea of carrying the fawn home, and wanted to take hold of it. The poor thing was very much frightened, and trembled all over. Philip then said, he thought it better to leave the fawn where it was; that the mother could

not be very far off, and that the little animal would be much happier, to continue to run through the woods at liberty.

But Clara could not give up the pleasure of having so pretty a pet, and Edmund also thought that he should like very much to play with it. He proposed that Clara should take it into the wagon, and hold it there, while he and Philip finished gathering the grapes. The fawn struggled so much to get loose, that Clara's strength failed her, and Edmund was obliged to take her place and hold the fawn, while she took his place at the grape-vine.

When the baskets were filled, the children set out for home. As soon as they arrived at the front gate, Edmund and Clara began, both together, to tell of their adventure; but their uncle and aunt said, they agreed with Philip in thinking that it would have been better to have left the fawn in the woods, and to have allowed him to remain at liberty.

The children, however, were of opinion that it would not have been happier in the woods than they could make it. Clara carried it to her chamber and got a bowl of milk for it; but the poor creature was

too much frightened to eat, and hid itself under the bed, where it lay trembling. It was very restless all day; but towards evening, being quite hungry, he ate some grapes and a little milk, to the great joy of Clara, who was afraid he would starve.

The next morning the boys got some old boards and made a house for the fawn, under the shade of a large tree in the garden; and for fear he should escape, they tied him to a tree by a long cord. They treated him with all sorts of dainties, but he did not seem fond of any of them; and although he was very much caressed, and dressed every day with flowers, he did not seem happy. Philip urged his cousins to let him be carried back to the woods, but they would not consent to let him go.

One day, Edmund came home from the woods bringing a large green branch, filled with red berries. "Here, Clara," said he, "see what I have brought for the fawn; they are so fine and beautiful, that I have saved them all for him, and I am sure he will like them." They then held out the branch of berries to him, and were greatly disappointed to see him turn away from them in disgust.

They supposed, however, that it was because he did not know how good they were, and they thought they would force him to eat a few of them; and they had no doubt but when he had once tasted them, he would like them so well, that he would eat them all. Accordingly Edmund held the fawn while Clara forced the berries into his mouth, and after awhile he swallowed some of them, though very reluctantly.

After they had thus fed the pet, they were called to tea; and when they went out afterwards to carry him his supper of milk and sugar, what was their astonishment to find the poor animal extended on the ground, shaking, gasping, and uttering the most plaintive cries!

Edmund ran to call his uncle, who said immediately, as soon as he saw the fawn, that it had been poisoned. "Oh," exclaimed Clara, "who could have been so wicked as to poison him? Edmund and I have never allowed any one to feed him but ourselves. I am sure he has had nothing since dinner but these pretty red berries," taking up the branch which lay on the ground.

"Ah," said Philip, "that is the very thing. Those

berries are a most deadly poison, and nothing now can save him." Just as Philip spake these words, the poor fawn stretched himself out and died. Clara and Edmund cried bitterly, and were very sorry they had not left him in the woods where they found him; for then, said they, he might have lived happily, and grown up to be a fine deer.

OBEDIENCE REWARDED.

ONE evening, Edward was talking to a lady who visited at his mother's house, about a very large kite, which he said he used to fly higher than the tallest trees. "And what has become of this famous kite?" asked the lady.

"Oh," replied Edward, "it flew to the top of the house, and caught in one of the chimneys; and when it was taken down the paper was torn to pieces; but I am glad the frame was not broken, for when I have money enough, I shall buy some very large sheets of paper, and make a kite quite as good as the one I have lost."

The lady took a few shillings from her purse and gave them to Edward, that he might buy the paper for his kite whenever he chose. Edward turned the money in his hand, but did not speak. Soon after,

the lady went out of the room, and did not see Edward again that night.

The next morning as she was coming down stairs to breakfast, she heard a whispering sound, and she saw Frances, Edward's eldest sister, running to peep, as if to look for some one. Just as the lady reached the parlor door, Edward came forward and put a letter in her hand, and then ran away so quickly that the lady could not find time to speak to him.

She opened the letter, and was astonished to find the money she had given Edward, wrapped up in it. She then read the following words: "Mamma does not permit us to accept money from any visiters: I am very much obliged to you, and should have been glad to buy the paper for my kite; but I cannot keep it without disobeying my mother."

Now, the lady knew that Edward could not write; therefore, that Frances must have advised him to return the money, and that it was not his own doing. But she learned, that Edward had begged his sister to write for him; and she was so happy to find her little friend an obedient boy, that she promised she would ask his mother to allow him to receive the

money; and "I think," said she, "your mother will not refuse, when she hears how well you have obeyed her commands."

All the children were assembled in the parlor after breakfast, when the lady was telling the history of the money to their mother. They were very much afraid that Edward would not be permitted to keep it; but their mother would not refuse the kind lady's request, and the children showed their joy, by jumping about the room.

Edward was particularly happy, because his mother praised him, and said that she should be able to depend on him for the future. He ran up stairs to put his money in a drawer, for he could not buy his paper that day, as the shop where it was sold was two miles from his father's house.

His brothers and sisters were preparing to have a game at blind man's buff; and they called him to come to play with them. It was Edward's turn to be blinded, and as he was running round the room, he accidentally ran against the window, and broke a pane of glass. This was a terrible accident!

Edward knew that he ought to run directly, and

tell his mother that he had broken a window, as she had commanded him always to tell her of any accidents that happened. But he did not move at first, for he also recollected that he must give all his money to pay for the mending of the window; for their father had made a rule that his children must always pay for what they broke.

Frances thought that it would be better for him to go to his mother immediately. "Oh, yes," said he, "I intend to tell her very soon; but I must wait a few minutes, for I feel ashamed to go into the room at present; father is there, and the lady who gave me the money."

His sister still entreated him to go directly; Edward went up stairs very slowly, for he was considering what he should say to his mother. He at length opened the door, and went round the back of her chair. He stood there for some time, until his mother told him that he shook her chair so much, she could not work; and requested him to go down stairs, to play with his brothers and sisters.

"I have broken a window," whispered Edward. "I am sorry to hear it," said his mother. When his

father heard that a window was broken, he asked him for the money to pay for it. Edward went up stairs to fetch the money that he had received in the morning from the lady.

His father took the money, because he would never allow his children to neglect any regulation he made; for he wished to teach them to be careful, and not to injure anything while they were at play. If they knew they should be obliged to pay for any damage they might do, they would take much better care, and a habit of carefulness is of great importance.

The lady who had given Edward the money, was present all the time, and she could not help feeling very sorry for his disappointment; she was happy, however, to find that he would neither be disobedient to his parents, nor attempt to deceive them by concealing anything from them.

This lady lived at some distance from Edward; but as soon as she returned home, she went to a shop and ordered a large kite to be made; and when the spring arrived, and it was the right time for flying kites, she packed it up and sent it to him. Edward

received it joyfully, and his parents were happy to see him rewarded for his obedience.

The kite proved to be a very fine one, and his brothers and sisters accompanied him to the fields whenever he wished to raise it, assisting him in getting it up, and enjoyed themselves much in seeing it fly to a great height in the air.

INDOLENCE RECLAIMED.

HENRY was an indolent boy, who from morning to evening thought of nothing but play. One day his father called him into his room, and said, "My son, I see that you will never do anything while you remain in my house, and that, if you continue here much longer, you will be an idler as long as you live.

"I have therefore made arrangements to send you to a boarding-school, at a great distance. I shall see how you will behave yourself there; but if you continue as regardless of your studies as formerly, I shall send you still farther; for I cannot suffer you to grow up in such disgraceful indolence."

"Papa," replied Henry, "I will be careless no longer. Keep me at home a little longer, and you shall see." "You have often promised me to reform," said his father, "but you have never had resolution

to do so. I see you dislike indolence only when it is to be punished. You will be ready, therefore, to go to-morrow morning."

Poor Henry cried a good deal, but he was obliged to go. Arrived at the boarding-school, he performed his duty for some time with attention; but he soon fell into his old habits of inactivity and indolence. During the hours of instruction, his thoughts were wandering about, and he heard little of what his teachers said.

Instead of studying his lessons, he spent his time in doing nothing at all, so that even the youngest of his companions soon went much beyond him. His teachers often said to him, "Henry, you are preparing many misfortunes for yourself, by your indolence—What will your kind father say, when he sees you leave school as ignorant as you came, and with the same faults you had before? How will this grieve him! Who knows where he may send you next, or how much severity he may exercise towards you?"

But these remarks made no impression upon Henry. He still continued idle, and without application. One

day, when, according to custom, he was loitering away his time in the play-grounds, he received a letter with a black seal; he opened it, and read as follows:

"Your father, my dear Henry, is no more, having been removed yesterday to a better life. I have lost in him my dearest friend. I have now only *you* who can assuage my grief. I send you the last words of your dying father: 'May our son,' said he, pressing my hand for the last time, 'may our son return to you throughly corrected of his indolence, and may it be his study henceforth to contribute to your happiness.'

"Read over again, my son, these last words of your father. I am sure they will make the proper impression upon your heart, and that they will animate you to follow the counsel formerly given you by the best of fathers. I may yet be happy, if you are wise and if you have profited by the education we have endeavored to give you.

"But if you have not improved by the advantages afforded you, and should return without having altered your habits of indolence, and should still prove an ignorant boy, I shall be overcome with grief. I forewarn

you, that I cannot keep you much longer at school, as my fortune will not permit it."

This news was like a thunderbolt to Henry. He shed a torrent of tears, wrung his hands, and read over his mother's letter a hundred times; but when he came to the last words of his father, he was always obliged to stop. Night came, and he retired to bed; but he could not close his eyes for thinking of his father and the pain which his indolence had given him.

He also often thought of his mother, and the sorrow she would experience when he returned to her, "When," said he to himself, "when she sees my bad writing, when she gives me an account to cast up, which I cannot reckon, or when she examines me in my geography which I have not learned; when, in short, she finds my books unused, what grief and wretchedness will she experience on my account!"

Thus, tossing in his bed, he passed the night, without being able to sleep a single moment. Early next morning, he arose, went to the head-teacher, fell on his knees, and confessed that he had been hitherto a very idle boy: that he now felt the sad consequences of his negligence and want of application. He said he

sincerely repented of his faults, and wished most earnestly to amend them. "Tell me sir," said he, "pray tell me how I may do so; I will submit to everything."

The teacher touched by this frank confession, and the real distress of poor Henry, addressed him in a very tender and affectionate manner. "My dear boy," said he, "the time you have lost cannot be recovered; yet by close application, and diligent improvement of the time to come, you may regain a portion of what you have lost.

"Begin this very day to amend. Pay attention to whatever is said to you. Apply yourself diligently to your lessons; do not sleep over your duty, but employ for the future, a part of your holydays and time for play, in the study of what you have neglected. You may, in this way, repair, in some measure, the great loss of time which you lament."

Henry thanked the good teacher for his advice, and began from that day to follow it. He did not allow himself any amusement until he had diligently applied himself to his studies; nor would he then spend

any more time than was absolutely necessary for exercise.

If any fit of idleness overtook him, he immediately opened his mother's letter, and in reading the last words of his father, he felt his courage revive, and his good resolutions strengthened. It was by such conduct, maintained for a considerable length of time, that he acquired the habit of labor and application; and when he returned to his mother, so great had been his progress, and the alteration in his habits, that she received in him the greatest joy and consolation.

THE CHILD'S MEDITATION.

HOW bright are the beams of the heart-cheering sun,
As he daily pursues his bright journey above,—
But brighter, far brighter, the life of a child,
Who employs every hour in the duties of love.

How sweet is the breath of a morning in May,
When the flowers are so fresh, and the air is so mild;
But sweeter, far sweeter the gentle soft words,
That flow from the lips of a kind-hearted child.

When the motherly hen calls her feathery brood,
'Tis pleasant to see how they hasten away;
More pleasant it is to behold a dear child,
When its parents command, in a moment obey.

What a beautiful sight is a garden of plants,
That, arranged in fine order, all flourish and thrive,—

More beautiful still is a family group,
Where brothers and sisters in harmony live.

Thou best of all beings, who madest the world,
Every creature that lives, every object I see;
Oh, grant in thy mercy, that all I behold,
May instruct me each day in my duty to thee.

THE GENTLEMAN AND BASKET-MAKER.

THERE was, in a distant part of the world, a rich man, who lived in a fine house, and spent his whole time, in eating, drinking, sleeping and amusing himself. As he had a great many servants to wait upon him, who treated him with the greatest respect, and did whatever they were ordered; and as he had never been taught the truth, or accustomed to hear it, he grew very proud; imagining that he had a right to command the whole world, and that the poor were only born to serve and obey *him*.

Near this rich man's house there lived an honest and industrious poor man, who gained his livelihood by making little baskets, out of dried reeds which grew upon a marshy ground close to the cottage. But though he was obliged to labor from morning to night, to earn food enough to support him, and though

he seldom fared better than upon dry bread, or rice, or pulse; and had no other bed than the remains of the rushes, of which he made the baskets, yet he was always happy, cheerful and contented.

His labor always gave him so good an appetite, that the coarsest fare appeared delicious; and he went to bed so tired, that he would have slept soundly even upon the ground. Besides this, he was a good and virtuous man, humane to everybody; honest in his dealings; always accustomed to speak the truth; and therefore beloved and respected by all his neighbors.

The rich man, on the contrary, though he lay upon the softest bed, yet could not sleep, because he had passed the day in idleness; and though the nicest dishes were presented to him, yet he could not eat with any pleasure, because he did not wait till nature gave him an appetite. And besides this, as he was a great sluggard and glutton, he was almost always ill.

As he did nobody any good, he had no friends; and even his servants spoke ill of him, behind his back; and all his neighbors whom he oppressed, hated him. For these reasons, he was sullen, melancholy, and unhappy; being displeased with all who appeared

more cheerful than himself. When he was carried out in his palanquin, a kind of bed borne upon the shoulders of men, he would haughtily direct his servants which way to go.

In these airings, he would frequently pass the cottage of the poor basket-maker, who was always sitting at the door, and singing as he wove his baskets. The rich man could not behold this without anger. What, said he, shall a wretch, a peasant, a low born fellow that weaves bulrushes for a scanty subsistence, be always happy and pleased; while I, a gentleman, possessed of riches and power, and of more consequence than a million of such reptiles as he, am always melancholy and unhappy?

This reflection tormented him so much, that he began to feel the greatest hatred towards the poor man; and, as he had never accustomed himself to conquer those evil passions, however improper or unjust they might be, he at last determined to punish the basket-maker for being happier than himself. With this wicked design, he one night gave orders to his servants, who did not dare to disobey him, to set

fire to the rushes, which surrounded the poor man's house.

As it was summer, and the weather in that country is extremely hot, the fire soon spread over the whole marsh: and not only consumed all the rushes, but soon extended to the cottage itself, and the poor man ran out almost naked to save his life. You may judge of his grief, when he found himself thus deprived of the means of subsistence by the wickedness of his rich neighbor.

Having never justly offended him, and being unable to punish him for his injustice, he set out and walked to the chief magistrate of that country, to whom with many tears he told his pitiful case. The magistrate, who was a good and just man, immediately ordered the rich man to be brought before him; and finding that the rich man could not deny the truth of the accusation, he thus addressed the poor man:

"As this proud and wicked neighbor of yours, has been puffed up by the opinion of his own importance, and has maliciously attempted to oppress you for your poverty, I shall proceed to teach him of how little value he is to anybody, and how vile and contempti-

ble a creature he really is. But for this purpose, it is necessary that you agree to the plan I have formed, and go along with him, to the place I intend to send you both."

The poor man said, that having lost his all, through the cruel conduct of his wicked neighbor, and having no means of obtaining a livelihood left, I am therefore ready to go wherever you may please to send me; and though I would not treat this man as he has treated me, yet should I rejoice at any measures calculated to teach him more justice and humanity, and to prevent him from injuring the poor a second time.

The magistrate then ordered them both to be put on board a ship, and carried to a distant country, which was inhabited by a rude and savage kind of men, who lived in huts, were strangers to riches, and obtained their living by fishing. As soon as they were set on shore, the sailors left them, as they had been ordered, and the inhabitants of the country came round them in great numbers.

The rich man, seeing himself thus exposed, without assistance or defence, in the midst of a barbarous people, began to wring his hands in the most abject

manner; but the poor man, who had been always accustomed to hardships and dangers from his infancy, made signs to the people that he was their friend, and was willing to work for them, and be their servant. Upon this, the natives made signs that they would do them no hurt, but would make use of their assistance in fishing and carrying wood.

Accordingly, they led them both to a wood at some distance, and showing them several logs, ordered them to carry them to their cabins. They both set about their tasks immediately; and the poor man, who was strong and active, very soon finished his share; while the rich man, whose limbs were tender and delicate, and never accustomed to labor, had scarcely finished a quarter of his. The savages, who began to notice the great difference in their work, thought the basket-maker would be very useful to them; and therefore presented him a large portion of fish, and several of their choicest roots.

On the other hand, the savages considered the rich man of so little use to them, that they gave him scarcely enough to support him. The food they gave him, though coarse, he ate with a better appetite than

he ever felt at his own table. The next day they were set to work again; and the savages observing how much better the basket-maker worked, than the rich man, they highly caressed him, and showed him much kindness; while they manifested great contempt towards the rich man.

The rich man now began to perceive with how little reason he had before valued himself, and despised his fellow creatures; and an accident which happened shortly after, tended to complete his mortification. One of the savages having found something like a fillet, with which he adorned his forehead, and with which he appeared extremely pleased, the basket-maker pulled up some reeds, and sitting down to work, in a short time finished an elegant wreath, which he placed on the head of the first inhabitant he chanced to meet.

This man was so pleased with this present, that he danced and capered with joy; and ran to inform the rest, who were equally surprised and astonished at this elegant piece of finery. It was not long before another came to the basket-maker, making signs that he wanted to be ornamented like his companion; and

with such pleasure were these chaplets considered by the whole nation, that the basket-maker was released from his former drudgery, and continually employed in weaving them.

In return for the pleasure which he conferred on them, the grateful savages brought him every kind of food which their country afforded; built him a hut; and showed him every demonstration of gratitude and kindness. But the rich man, who possessed neither talents to please, nor strength to labor, was condemned to be the basket maker's servant, and cut him reeds, to supply the continual demands for chaplets.

After having passed some months in this manner, they were again brought back to their own country by the orders of the magistrate, and ordered before him. He then looked sternly upon the rich man, and said, "Having now taught you how helpless and contemptible a creature you are, as well as how inferior to the man you insulted, I proceed to make reparation to him for the injury you have inflicted on him.

"Did I treat you as your conduct deserves, I should

take from you all the riches you possess, as you wantonly deprived this poor man of his whole subsistence; but hoping you will become more humane for the future, I sentence you to give half of your fortune to this man, whom you endeavored to ruin." Upon this, the basket-maker, after thanking the magistrate for his goodness in thus tendering him a fortune, replied—

"Having been bred up in poverty, and accustomed to labor, I have no desire to acquire riches which I should not know how to use; all, therefore, that I require of this man, is to put me into the same situation I was in before, and to learn more humanity." The rich man could not help feeling astonished at this generosity; and having acquired wisdom by his misfortunes, not only treated the basket-maker as a friend, during the rest of his life, but employed his riches in relieving the poor, and benefitting his fellow-creatures.

THE POISON TREE.

THIS destructive tree, which grows in the Island of Java, is called by the natives the *Bohon Upas*. The accounts of naturalists respecting this tree have been so deeply tinged with the *marvellous*, that the whole narration has been considered, by the generality of readers, as an ingenious fiction. I must acknowledge, says the writer of the following account, that I long doubted the existence of this tree, until a stricter inquiry convinced me of my error.

I shall only relate simple, unadorned facts, of which I have been an eye-witness, and the utmost confidence may be placed in the fidelity of the account. In the year 1774, I was stationed at Batavia, as a surgeon, in the service of the Dutch East India Company. During my residence there, I received several different accounts of the Bohon Upas, and the violent

effects of its poison; all of which seemed so incredible, that my curiosity was excited to the highest degree.

I therefore resolved to investigate the subject thoroughly, and to trust only to my own *observation*. In consequence of this resolution, I applied to the Governor-General, for a pass to travel through the country. My request was granted, and having procured every information, I set out on my expedition. I had obtained a recommendation from an old Malayan priest, to another of the same order, who lives on the nearest habitable spot to the tree, which is about fifteen or sixteen miles distant.

The tree is surrounded on all sides, by a circle of high hills and mountains; and the country round it, to the distance of ten or twelve miles from the tree, is entirely barren. Not a tree, or a shrub, or even the least plant or grass, is to be seen. I made a circuit round this dangerous spot, at a distance of eighteen miles from the centre, and I found the aspect of the country, on all sides equally dreary. I now repaired to the house of the priest, to whom I had a letter of recommendation.

From him I learned the object of his residence in

this dismal spot—which was, to prepare for eternity the souls of those, who, for different crimes, are sentenced to approach the tree, and procure the poison. This poison is a gum that issues out between the bark and the tree itself; and into this are dipped the points of all their warlike instruments. It is of high value, and produces a considerable revenue to the emperor. Malefactors, condemned to death, are the only persons who procure this poison; and this only chance they have of saving their lives.

After sentence of death is pronounced upon them by the judge, they are asked in court, whether they will die by the hands of the executioner, or whether they will go to the Upas Tree for a box of poison? They commonly prefer the latter proposal, as there is not only some chance of preserving their lives, but also a certainty, in case of a safe return, that a provision will be made for them in future by the emperor. They are also permitted to ask a favor from the emperor, which is generally of a trifling nature, and commonly granted.

They are then provided with a silver or tortoise-shell box, in which they are to put the poisonous

gum, and are properly instructed how to proceed in their dangerous expedition. Among other particulars, they are directed to go towards the tree before the wind, that the effluvia from the tree may be blown from them. They are told, also, to travel with the utmost despatch, as that is the only method of insuring a safe return.

The criminals are then sent to the house of the old priest, to which place they are commonly attended by their friends and relations. Here they generally remain some days, waiting for a favorable breeze. During that time, the priest prepares them for their future fate, by prayers and admonitions. When the hour of their departure arrives, the priest puts on them a long leather cap, which comes down as far as their breasts, with two glasses before their eyes, and also provides them with a pair of leather gloves.

They are then conducted by the priest, and their friends and relations, about two or three miles on their journey. Here the priest repeats his instructions, and tells them where they are to look for the tree. He shows them a hill which they are to ascend,

and beyond which they will find a rivulet, which they are to follow, leading directly to the Upas Tree. They now take leave of each other; and amidst prayers for their success, the criminals hasten away.

The worthy priest assured me, that during his residence there for upwards of thirty years, he had dismissed upwards of seven hundred criminals in the manner I have described: and that scarcely two out of twenty returned. He showed me a catalogue of all the unhappy sufferers, with their respective offences; and also a list of those who had returned in safety.

I was present at some of these melancholy ceremonies, and desired different criminals to bring with them some pieces of the wood, or a small branch, or some leaves of this wonderful tree. I have also given them silk cords to measure the thickness of the tree. I never could procure more than two dry leaves, that were picked up by one of them on his return.

All I could learn of him concerning the tree itself, was, that it stood on the border of a rivulet, as described by the old priest; that it was of a middling size; that five or six young trees of the same kind

stood close to it; but that no other shrub or plant could be seen near it; and that the ground was of a brownish sand, full of stones, and covered with dead bodies.

This, however, is certain, though it may appear incredible, that from fifteen to eighteen miles round this tree, not only no *human* creature can exist, but that, in that space of ground, no living animal of any kind has ever been discovered. I have also been assured by several persons of veracity, that there are no fish in the waters; and when any birds fly so near this tree, that the effluvia reaches them, they fall a sacrifice to the poison.

Of the fatal effects of this poisonous effluvia, even at a distance, the following well established fact furnishes sufficient evidence. In the year 1775, a rebellion broke out among the subjects of the prince, who sent an army to disperse them and drive them out of his kingdom. Having no place to flee to, they requested the ruler to permit them to repair to the uncultivated parts round the Upas Tree. This request was granted, on condition that they fixed

their abode not more than twelve or fourteen miles from the tree.

With this condition, they were obliged to comply: and thus about sixteen hundred persons ventured to settle within about fourteen miles of this fatal tree. The consequence was, that in less than two months, their number was reduced to about three hundred. Those who remained returned to the prince, and having stated to him their losses, entreated him to pardon them. The prince, thinking them sufficiently punished, granted their request, and received them again as subjects.

Those who returned had all the appearance of persons tainted with an infectious disorder. They looked pale and weak, and from the account they gave me of the loss of their comrades, and of the symptoms and circumstances of their dissolution, such as convulsions and other signs of a violent death, I was fully convinced that they fell victims to poison.

In the year 1775, I was present at the execution of thirteen criminals; and there witnessed the rapid and fatal effects of this poison, in which they dip the points of their warlike instrument. About eleven

o'clock in the forenoon, the criminals were led into an open space, within the walls of the palace. There the judge passed sentence upon them, by which they were doomed to death, by a lancet poisoned with Upas.

The criminals were then fastened to posts erected for the purpose, and their breasts laid bare. The executioner then made an incision on each, with much dexterity. The operation of the poison on the system was apparent in five minutes after the lancing; and in sixteen minutes by my watch, every criminal had ceased to exist.

THE END.

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